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ON PREFACES

"IT argues a deficiency in taste," said Isaac D'Israeli, "to turn over an elaborate preface unread: for it is the attar of the author's roses." Indeed, the preface is very often more worth preserving than the body of the book, as we may decide to-day in the case of Dryden's plays, and posterity to-morrow may decide in the case of Mr. Shaw's. This, according to the author of the "Curiosities of Literature," is as it should be, for, he goes on to say, "a preface, being the porch or the entrance to a book, should be perfectly beautiful." We are at liberty to disagree with him on this point if he meant conscious beauty deliberately striven after, for the charm of a preface so often lies in the fact that it is here we meet the author in undress—in the cosy familiarity, as it were, of his study. But it is to be noticed that Swift also, in his preface to "The Tale of a Tub," likens the preface to a porch, but in characteristic manner gibes at the writers of prefaces, of which he pretends to have made an especial study.

If Swift despises prefaces as the arena in which authors elbow one another out of the way, that "flippant, ill-opinioned and unhappy man, Charles Blount, Gent:" mentioned in one of Southey's seven prefaces to his "Doctor," dismisses them contemptuously as belonging to two categories. In them, he declares, the author enters "either with a halter about his neck, submitting himself to his reader's mercy whether he be hanged or no; or else in a huffing manner he appears with the halter in his hand and threatens to hang the reader." Stevenson, however, found a more ingenious way. "It is best in such circumstances," he says, "to represent a delicate shade of manner between humility and superiority, as if the book had been written by someone else, and you had merely run over it and inserted what was good."

But whether the author is in undress or has put on his most brilliant garb to appear in the porch, as Thackeray is all armour in the preface to "Vanity Fair," it is there he is at his most characteristic. It is

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more than a happy chance that in nearly every author we find at least one admirable preface, it is a happy dispensation of human nature, for, to quote Stevenson again, "a preface is more than an author can resist; it is the reward of his labours." In it he can really let himself appear; he is under no obligation to conceal his personality in his performance, and the temptation to walk about thus unconcerned before his reader has given us several prefaces to volumes that call for no such additament. It is this lucky weakness that has procured us that delightful foreword of William Byrd in which he says, "In the expression of these songs, either by voices or instruments, if there happen to be any jar or dissonance, blame not the printer," a suggestion that would, one imagines, soften the heart even of Charles Blount, "ill-conditioned" as he showed himself to be.

From Sir John Mandeville onwards there is scarcely a notable writer who has not thus given us some piece of absolutely characteristic writing, a distillation of his most personal self. What could be more Burton-like than the preface to the "Anatomy of Melancholy," more like the freakishness of Sterne than to place his preface in the middle of his third book, or more thoroughly Hood than to declare that "Cerberus

and myself are perhaps the only persons who have had three prefaces"? Could any piece of writing more embody all the faults with all the brilliance of Meredith than the preface to "The Egoist"? And, again, what could Mr. Chesterton do more like himself than write the shortest preface in literature as an introduction to a critique of the writer of the longest—with the possible exception of the "Essay on Dramatic Poesy"? As a further commendation of the preface, it may be recalled that this is often the only place in which a creative author will make his essays in criticism, and if prefaces were to be abolished, we should be the poorer for the loss of Synge's or for that of "Life's Handicap." Even professed critics often cast one of their gems in the form of a preface, and both Hazlitt in his "Characters,"

and Pater in his "Renaissance," have given us masterpieces in their own genre.

Authors do well to consider their prefaces, for Dryden is not the only one whose fame rests more securely on these than upon his books. Amongst moderns we may suggest that John Davidson will live by his preface to "Godfrida" rather than by his plays; and even if the reverse is true in the case of Mrs. Beeton, it is certain that the only literary merit of the "Book of Household Management" lies in that happy region, even if it is not there that we shall find the clue to her wide popularity.

Mr. Kenneth Grahame in an essay on margins cries out for the "true poet, who, disdaining the trivialities of text, shall give the world a book of verse consisting entirely of margin"; and without wishing all books to consist entirely of preface, there is at least one which could suffer the loss of its text without inconvenience, to wit the "Old English Squire" of John Careless. But what could be more charming than that preface in which he confesses that "my wife, who is a great reader, admires my productions extremely—particularly the ball scene and the account of the dresses, &c.: Our parson, who by the way never says much, and is reckoned a very clever man, thinks he prefers the account of the christening dinner . . . and I prefer that part where I am described as filling Roger's bags and my own with grouse in a single morning's shooting"? What acute and homely, human wisdom is shown therein! How much better worth reading than the succeeding pages of tedious doggerel!

B. D.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER

ON the eve of a departure for America, Mr. Hugh Walpole flung a stone into the publishers' camp by asserting that the "first novel" was doomed owing to its unprofitable character. Since the publication of his letter in *The Times Literary Supplement* several of the most prominent publishers in London have detailed their present difficulties, their past successes, and their future plans for meeting the case of the "first novel." The correspondence has been curiously interesting, and it must, I think, have dispelled a number of nonsensical illusions held by the general public as to the rewards of the literary and publishing professions. The plans of some of these publishers, however, seem to me so short-sightedly to be based upon mechanical book-keeping that they practically amount to sentence of death upon the new writer. At a time when the Packers' Union has fixed a minimum wage of £3 5s. a week for packers in publishers' offices, the young novelist is asked to accept in return for the labour of several months either a few pounds in total purchase of his copyright (with a commitment as to future books which binds author but not publisher) or a system of "half-profits" which is likely to produce no money at all. He is offered in consolation the news that his vanity is gratified by the mere publication of his book. This is to be his sufficient reward. That is the publishers' point of view at its worst, and it reveals the least intelligent publisher's attitude to the young writer as nothing else, short of personal contact, could do. It

also should carry a sense of their own futility to some of those who fill publishers' offices, uninvited, with useless and unpleasant manuscripts; for the first novel that sells eight hundred copies has always been a rare bird, and it grows no more common. Does anybody who has never written a novel, and never worked for a publisher, recognize how meagre—before the days of success—are the monetary returns of the novelist's craft?

Mr. Walpole, sublimely ignorant of conditions, suggested that first novels should be published adventurously in a cheap form. He did not know that cheapness of production is not a question so much of lowering the quality of paper and print and binding as of producing a book in immense numbers, and so lowering the cost per copy. It costs just as much to set any book up in type, whether one prints one copy or a hundred thousand copies; and it is only because the cost can be spread over a very large number that the books of a successful writer can be sold in cheap editions. The new author, scorned by all except those who are on the watch for fresh talent, cannot sell in such numbers as to make his original edition profitable upon any ground whatever. He is a drug in the market.

It must be remembered that the publishing trade is carried on upon a margin of profit as narrow as that of any trade known to the commercial world. It cannot afford to pay its skilled assistants at a rate comparable with rates payable in ordinary businesses. Its expenses are heavy and diverse, its returns problematical, its trade discounts heavy. For example, a few years ago some enterprising men asserted that books did not cost a fraction of their selling price. They demonstrated the facts with incontestable figures. These men determined to bring prices down with a run. They began their campaign; and gradually they learned that while one book may sell twenty thousand copies, and make a good profit, another may sell three hundred and make a substantial loss. They retired from the publishing business, leaving the publishers—bewildered by the passage of a meteor—to continue upon their old lines. They did not realize that when a publisher prints a book he optimistically calculates the cost per copy on the assumption that the whole edition will be sold. Often the edition is not sold; and when a profit-and-loss account is made up at the end of a season the cost of the whole edition has to be set against the proceeds arising from the sale of, perhaps, no more than one-third of the edition. Supposing fifteen hundred copies of a book are printed, at a cost of £150 for printing and paper, it will be assumed that the cost per copy in sheets is two shillings. But supposing only five hundred copies are sold the cost per copy in sheets (for the sake of the profit-and-loss account) is actually six shillings. To this must be added binding, advertising, author's royalty, printed dustcover, the sixty or eighty copies presented gratis to the press for review purposes, and the overhead charges of the publishers' office. It will be seen even by a glance at this note how hazardous is the speculation upon a "first novel."

Before the war it was possible to publish a book by a new author, and, by economy, to recover the outlay upon a sale of eight or nine hundred copies. As I have said, few first books exceed these sales. The greater

part of the sale of a first novel is obtained through the circulating libraries, and these are governed almost entirely by the demands of their subscribers (allowing reasonably for the resistance of the libraries, who justifiably purchase as few copies of any book as possible). Subscribers in general want the newest books of the most popular authors, and the first novelist is frequently washed away by his more successful and established rivals. Paper and print and binding, before the war, were cheap enough to allow of this assumption that a book would cover cost on the small sale I have mentioned. The publisher, therefore, took his risk. His probable loss was bound to be small, and his possible profits also; but he secured a legitimate option upon the author's future work, and he ventured. With the war, however, paper soared in price as the result of import restrictions; and now, in consequence of successive increases, the cost of labour and materials is such that the printing of one thousand copies is hopelessly unremunerative. The cost of paper at this moment, although reduced, is still over 200 per cent. above the 1914 figure; composition and printing is increased by 150 to 200 per cent; binding by 150 per cent. Wages all round are raised by about 100 per cent. The terms to the bookselling trade have had to be improved, in order that the booksellers shall continue to exist and to function. Only book-prices remain within reasonable distance of those which had become standardized before the war. The smallest number of copies of a first novel that can now be printed at a reasonable price per copy is fifteen hundred. But while costs have increased, sales have not done so to any appreciable extent. Not every first novel has sixteen thousand copies "called for" before publication. Why should it? Nobody has heard of it, or of the author. It must succeed alone, like a self-made man; or by the vagaries of common taste and perceptiveness.

Let us take fifteen hundred as a minimum printing. Roughly, a full-length novel can be set up and printed, including the cost of paper, for £150, or two shillings per copy. The binding will be eightpence or tenpence. The dustcover, according as it is decorated with a colour picture or not, will be anything from a halfpenny to twopence. The author will have his royalty, the newspapers their free copies and advertisements. My sum assumes that the author has a 15% royalty, and that his book is published at 7s. net.

	s.	d.
Quires	2	0
Binding		9
Author	1	0½
Dustcover		1
Advertising		4
	4	2½

(I have allowed £25 for advertising; but this is a vague sum, as the bill may be much higher, particularly if the book has shown a false liveliness and deceived the publisher into thinking that he has found a winner. It may be £50 or £60, according to the discretion of the publisher.) It may seem that 4s. 2½d. as the cost of a book sold to the public at 7s. allows a good margin of profit. Think of the bookseller, however. He finds that he cannot pay his rent, make allowance for his bad stock, live, and pay his assistants a living wage, unless he has 33½% discount. He therefore buys many of his

7s. novels at 4s. 8d. The publisher—even supposing that he spends no more than £25 in advertising—produces for 4s. 2½d. if he sells the entire edition! In any case he cannot do this, because of the free copies to the press; but frequently he does not approach the number. He has also to pay rent, rates, wages (which I have earlier called "overhead charges"). He has to employ skilled readers, travellers, and so on. If he is to make a profit on each book he publishes, it is no wonder that he is shy of new authors and first novels. On the whole edition he may net for distribution among his staff and creditors thirty or thirty-five pounds at the outside.

But that is just the point. The publisher in general has a catalogue (and a warehouse) full of books which have survived a season, and which sell steadily. He has his big sellers and his steady sellers, which he has rarely to advertise and which he can produce (since the heavy initial expense of printers' composition has long been sunk) at a low and remunerative figure. He has his cheap editions, selling in thousands. With care and enterprise the publisher may be a wealthy man, just as the successful author may be a wealthy man. The publisher of any character takes a long view. He says, in effect, "This book is a good book. I cannot make money out of it; but I should like to publish it. Besides which, a good book adorns my list, and looks well. I will therefore publish with the expectation of loss, but I shall hope to establish the author with the help of my prestige, and to benefit by the success of his future writings. But in any case the value to me of a good book is not calculable in figures." If the publisher is a wise man he will offer the young author a royalty on every copy sold, and he will encourage the young author. Because his old authors cannot live for ever. He will not discourage the young author, who writes to live as he publishes to live, by talk about half-profits, or a thousand copies free of royalties, or an outright purchase of copyright for a low sum. If he does not believe in the author's future, he should not publish the book at all. But if he does believe in it, he invests money for a rise. He takes the risk. Clearly, in so doing, he should make sure of possible gain hereafter. But to take each book he publishes separately, and as a thing upon which instant profit must be made, is not long-sighted policy. It is not publishing. A real publisher creates a "list"; he has a sense of what is becoming; he is not a huckster or a cheapener. And he realizes that even young writers must live, and that he does not (except in sentimental theory or cynical protestation) publish any book whatever to "oblige" the author. He is in business for profit—as the author should be—and he should take wise glances into the future. Only so can he be said to be a publisher at all, for otherwise his list will be merely a collection of books, and his imprint an obscure impertinence on the title-pages of the goods in which he trades. Moreover, it is the publisher's privilege to deal in the products of the human brain and imagination, and when he thinks the author should be much obliged by his offer to share profits, he should also remember that a wise publisher learns to be proud of his own association with good books.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

REVIEWS

AN INCOMPLETE ANALYST

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONFLICT; AND OTHER ESSAYS IN WAR-TIME.
By Havelock Ellis. (Constable. 6s. 6d. net.)

WHEN Remy de Gourmont embarked on his *Dissociations des Idées*, he was, besides expressing his complete aloofness, also placing himself at the head of a great popular movement. The chief intellectual occupation of the ablest writers of our time is the dissociation of ideas. It is almost impossible for an intelligent writer, in this modern world, to be anything but a timid writer; every general statement conceals a trap; abstract terms are mere covers for pitfalls; language has become more and more intractable until hardly any remark is now free from the suspicion that it means nothing. Philosophy, like mathematics, has freed itself from language and is written in symbols, and it is reported that eminent philosophers now converse in dumb-show. We may expect that other serious subjects will soon follow suit, and that members of the future London Library will have to learn a symbolic alphabet of Chinese length and complexity. At present, however, the words to which we attach confused thoughts are so numerous that a preliminary dissection may still be attempted in ordinary language. Incomplete analysis of this kind is a pleasant occupation, and its results may be read with pleasure; they do not require an impossible acuteness to discover, nor an agony of concentration to understand. The importance of the occupation may be trifling or it may be very great indeed; there are many men whose lives have been spoiled by learning the wrong names for things. The usefulness of the occupation is a little impaired, however, by the reflection that it is difficult to find a criterion by which we know whether the analysis is final; it is on its destructive side that the occupation has its greatest practical importance. It is easier to cast down than to build up, in philosophy as elsewhere, and there are times when it is of greater advantage. At the present day, when our minds are blurred and our activities inhibited by the accumulated catchwords of the last century besides those we have invented in this, we are in greater need of demolition than of construction. It is more urgent that we learn to forsake old lies than that we learn new truths. Mr. Havelock Ellis is one of those writers who help us to believe less. He also regards it as part of his function to help us, at times, to believe more, but in this he is not so successful. It is just to say, however, that he is more concerned to show us that things are not what they seem than to show us what they are.

The essay that gives its name to the book, "The Philosophy of Conflict," is representative of his method. He analyses the ideas of the militarists and the ideas of the pacifists, and concludes that both are guilty of the same confusion and that both are wrong. The error lies in assuming that war is another name for conflict. Now conflict is good and necessary, whereas war is bad and unnecessary, and the militarists praise the bad in terms of the good, while the pacifists condemn the good in terms of the bad.

In other words, war is regarded as the eternal and supreme type of conflict in the world, and for one side it is all good because it is conflict, and for the other all bad because it is war. On neither side can we see the slightest recognition of that fundamental truth, built into the very foundations of life, of the universe itself, that conflict is a genus with many species, of which war is only one.

We are satisfied that he has pointed out a confusion; it is when he goes on to show that conflict is everywhere that we grow doubtful as to what the word "conflict" means, and feel that Mr. Havelock Ellis himself has merely furnished fresh material for the dissection table. We notice the same lack of satisfying analysis in his essay on

Civilization. He has no difficulty in dissecting and dismissing a number of definitions of civilization, but he throws no light on the meaning we ought to attach to the word. He abandons the subject of definitions for that of history, and gives an interesting, if not very new, account of some very early attempts at civilization. We notice here, and elsewhere throughout the book, that Mr. Ellis is not very comfortable with speculation "in the air," as it were; he hastens to get back to facts, even when they are not very relevant to his main argument. His favourite method of "dissociating" a prevalent idea is to show that it conflicts with certain facts. With such notions as "victory" and "nationality" he has an easy task, and he does not always disdain to use an argument at some length even when it is obvious. In this respect he occasionally reads like one of the Victorians; he takes us again over positions with which such writers as Huxley and Tyndall made us familiar. Thus he is quite unnecessarily amused with the idea that the world began in 4004 B.C. That people once believed that is a fact of some historic interest. We believe it so little now that we do not even think it funny.

That large part of the book dealing with eugenics and sex is, as we should expect, the most interesting to read and, we should judge from the note of almost religious fervour that occasionally creeps in, was the most interesting to write. It must be confessed that much of this writing interests us much more for its facts than for its arguments. Mr. Ellis here fares no better than most other eugenicists who advocate birth control; he does not explain to us the nature of his assumptions. What is his ideal? what are we to breed for? Huxley long ago remarked that men could breed pigeons, since they knew exactly what sort of pigeons they wanted and how to get them. But do we know exactly what sort of men we want and how to get them? It is an old objection, but Mr. Ellis does not even discuss it, with the result that his remarks on birth control are quite valueless for practical purposes. On such subjects as "The Mind of Women" and "The Politics of Women," Mr. Ellis again gives us some attractive analysis, and once more delivers us from the necessity of believing the extremists on either side. But we think that by far the best essay in the book is the one on "Psycho-Analysis in Relation to Sex," which gives what we believe to be a quite final definition of Freud. He insists on the purely personal element in Freud's work, on his intuitive methods and imaginative constructions. Freud, in spite of the immense technique that he has built up, has not founded a method. The fact that his disciples have left him, and have done very little when they have left him, reinforces Mr. Ellis's contention that Freud's success is not that of the scientific man, as usually understood, but of the creative artist. Freud cannot communicate his real methods, for he cannot communicate his genius. Freud's constructions, estimated as science, suffer from their personal and subjective character. It may be, as Mr. Ellis suggests, that none of them will permanently endure. But the fact remains that Freud has opened up a new world, and, as Mr. Ellis says, we do not require Columbus to be a reliable surveyor.

In his literary criticism we notice again a defect in analysis. In his essay on Mr. Conrad, for instance, he takes the trouble to say at some length that Mr. Conrad writes inimitably about the sea. We may admit that this is true, but we greatly doubt whether this is Mr. Conrad's best claim to consideration. Throughout the book we have the impression that we are in contact with a careful, patient mind, but one which, lacking the instinct of genius, does not first find the true centre from which to work. This is only another way of saying that Mr. Ellis is not sufficiently critical of his assumptions, an objection which is the basis of the modern criticism of the Victorian age, to which, as we are oddly but constantly aware, Mr. Ellis somehow belongs

IN DARKEST PAPUA

UNEXPLORED NEW GUINEA. By W. H. Beaver, with an Introduction by A. C. Haddon. (Seeley, Service & Co. 25s. net.)
THE FOLK-TALES OF THE KIWAI PAPUANS. By Gunnar Landtman. (Helsingfors, Societas Scientiarum Fennica.)

THE westernmost portion of British New Guinea is the home of the aboriginal Papuan. Coarsely built and dusky skinned, consistently woolly-haired, with retreating forehead and prominent brow-ridges, he offers a well-marked contrast to the slighter and more refined racial type of the eastern districts, where an intrusive Melanesian element predominates. Round about the delta of the Fly River, and indeed anywhere along this part of the coast, a region of interminable mud-flats and sago-swamps, there is little prospect of establishing any kind of white man's paradise. Nay, even for the native the prevailing conditions would seem thoroughly to justify Hobbes' estimate of existence in the state of nature as "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short."

All the more honour, then, to those Europeans who in such circumstances can cultivate the scientific temper, and bring themselves to depict the life of a backward people as neither better nor worse than it actually is. A near acquaintance with the stone age is apt to strip it of all its romance. On the other hand, a sympathetic view—and the science of man is impossible without sympathy—reveals certain sterling qualities in the lowest of savages. His very happy-go-luckiness is admirable in its way, connoting, as William James says, a "fixed faith that existence in any form is better than non-existence," apart from which humanity could never have won through to civilization. The function of education, then, being essentially to bring out the best of what is already there, we may hope to learn from sound anthropological studies such as these how to help the Papuan negro to emerge from the slough, and to take his share, as he is innately capable of doing, in the work of our wider world.

Mr. Wilfred Beaver was resident magistrate in the western division of Papua until the outbreak of the war, when he took a commission in the Australian Imperial Force, eventually losing his life in France at the storming of Polygon Wood in 1917. The title-page credits him with twenty-seven years' service in New Guinea, but there is some mistake here, as it appears from Dr. Haddon's introductory memoir that he was only thirty-five when he died. On the other hand, his book shows that he had been at his work long enough to be altogether at home in it; and it speaks well for the administration as a whole that one of its representatives should adopt so just and sane an attitude towards the general problem of dealing with the natives. His account of them naturally relates in great part to the externals of their life. The first duty of government is to substitute a *pax Britannica* for the condition of petty but desperate warfare in which society of the incoherent type is perpetually involved. Raiding used to provide the principal outlet for the energies of the aboriginal sportsman. Thus the Tugeri from over the Dutch border would pole their way along the coast and up the rivers in their long ten-men canoes, causing the wildest panic wherever they went. They amused themselves by collecting heads, having the custom of smoke-drying the whole head after extracting the brain through a hole made in the occiput. They likewise carried off children, who, as far as is known, were well treated and brought up as members of their own tribe. We hear of one such raid on the Morehead people that cost the latter over twenty-two killed and two lads captured, while incidentally it cost the Dutch Government £150 by way of compensatory blood-money. Besides, apart from the relatively straightforward and intelligible impulse to loot, collect heads, and so forth, there also prevailed in Papua motives for making war that

no one but an expert in the art of "thinking black" can be expected to appreciate. Thus the custom known on the Fly River as *sarjina* is likely, as Mr. Beaver says, to "cause some bewilderment":

When a prominent chief feels that he is near his end, he sends to some other chief or tribe with which he has during his life been on terms of great friendship a head knife or a club or a bundle of arrows. This message is well understood. When he dies, the people to whom the token has been sent, at some suitable opportunity attack the tribe whose chief had originally sent it. The latter people, of course, are absolutely in the dark as to any reason for being raided and are apt to resent it.

No wonder, then, that New Guinea natives are apt to strike strangers as "a queer lot, one month affable and pleasant, and the next bolting off to the bush like a set of hysterical schoolgirls." After all, the intentions of visitors, even white ones, are uncertain; so that perhaps there is some excuse for the inhabitants of Mata, who at the first sight of the British magistrate and his suite shouted out, "The devils have come." We gather, however, that the white man's justice, while forcible, is also considerate in the sense that it makes due allowance for the difference between savage ethics and our own. Indeed, nowhere is the theory of the educative function of punishment better understood than in British New Guinea. The hero—or from our point of view the leading villain—of a head-hunting expedition, with perhaps a little cannibalism thrown in, is made prisoner and carried off to "do time" at Port Moresby. His experience there converts him into a friend of the administration, and in due course he goes back to his own people as official supporter and interpreter of the new order.

In short, considered from the standpoint of what Sir Richard Temple would term an applied anthropology, Mr. Beaver's book is eminently useful and instructive. Lack of space allows but a passing reference to his important chapter on property and inheritance. The Papuan, unlike the black fellow on the other side of Torres Straits, is a cultivator, and by reason of a tenure based on occupation and cultivation has a surprisingly well-developed notion of private ownership in land. To introduce individualistic ideas being the inevitable result of civilization, it is fortunate that the Papuan should spontaneously be evolving in the same direction; and this fact foreshadows his eventual adaptation to our industrial system and the consequent preservation of the race.

Dr. Landtman's elaborate collection of folk-tales deserves, in turn, the highest praise. The inwardness of the Papuan mind is not to be reached except by way of this, his sole form of literature. Kiwai is a long, low, swampy island, the largest in the Fly River, inhabited by several thousand true Papuans, very black in colour and with prominent hooked noses. In times gone by they were reputed (not without reason) to be a ferocious set of cannibals; but at present they are rapidly, perhaps too rapidly, assimilating European fashions. Seeing how soon the old culture disappears in such circumstances, it was fortunate for science that a trained ethnologist of the industry and linguistic attainments of Dr. Landtman should be ready to devote two years to the task of garnering such perishable material.

It is impossible here to do justice to some five hundred stories supplemented by innumerable variants. Suffice it to say that one and all have the genuine savage ring, being without any trace of intermixture with Western influences. At the same time they are markedly superior in unity of plot and in logical texture to those myths of the Australians with which Spencer and Gillen have made the world familiar. Not but what they reveal, as compared with the sacred legends of the Arunta, a certain triviality, as though their function was mainly to amuse. This may be due in part to Dr. Landtman's method of winning the

confidence of his informants. For he tells us that he was careful to avoid secret or otherwise forbidden subjects at the start, letting them relate folk-tales which they themselves would choose; whereupon they showed themselves to possess an inexhaustible store of folk-lore of this exotic description. As it is, we are given no more than a dozen tales connected with ceremonies, and even these scarcely seem to embody the revelation of tribal mysteries. On the whole, the collection consists mainly of origin stories, some of them not utterly fantastic, as when the origin of fire is attributed to the accident of a man sawing a piece of wood with his bowstring until the friction made the wood hot. Sometimes we have a regular saga of many incidents. Such, for instance, is the tale of Sido, the first man to die, as a result of the first fight that ever happened. Primitive touches abound, as when Sido flies over to a neighbouring island by means of his magic navel-cord; when the lady of his fancy brings about an assignation by pretending to search for her lost nose-stick; when a rival puts poison into his footsteps; when he warms his stone-axe in the fire to give it a better edge, but only succeeds in making it brittle; and so on. For flashes of delicate fancy, on the other hand, we look almost in vain; unless, indeed, we are prepared to discover poetic quality in the tale how the sea once filled a woman so that she swelled up, but afterwards it ran out again and she laughed; so that is why the waves laugh now. But there is at least one story full of pathos—the story of the deserted garden. A man abandoned his old banana plot, and only looked after the trees in his new plantation. But the old bananas wept after him, crying, "O father, you leave me, you no make house belong me, rain he wet me all time." Then he went back and gave them the wrapping of leaves that they needed, and smeared his face with mud, and wailed, "Oh, I been plant him, I no look out good." R. R. M.

SHAKESPEARE PROBLEMS

SIDELIGHTS ON SHAKESPEARE. By H. Dugdale Sykes. (Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare Head Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a book which ought to have been reviewed by Swinburne. The intuitions, backed by immense knowledge, of a great poet might have disputed with success some of the conclusions which Mr. Sykes presents with so intimidating a combination of erudition and clearness of expression. Swinburne might have been a Mycroft Holmes to Mr. Sykes as Sherlock; but the ordinary person will subside before Mr. Sykes with the flaccidity of a Dr. Watson.

Mr. Sykes has taken seven plays, two at least of which are usually accepted as largely Shakespearean, and has given them to the following dramatists: "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and "Henry VIII." to Massinger and Fletcher; "Arden of Feversham," "with some confidence," to Kyd; "A Yorkshire Tragedy" to Kyd; "The Troublesome Reign of King John" to Peele; "The Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters," with some slight reservations, to Peele; and "Pericles" to Wilkins and Shakespeare.

Coleridge said of Wordsworth's poem "There was a boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs . . ." that had he come across these lines in the Sahara he would have cried "Wordsworth!" This is not Mr. Sykes's way. He does not rely on intuition, but on exhaustive verbal comparisons. Take, for instance, his attribution of "King Leir" to Peele. Mr. John Munro had previously suggested that "King Leir" and "The Troublesome Reign of King John" were the work of the same author. Now Mr. Sykes has earlier in this book demonstrated that Peele is the author of "The Troublesome Reign"; so he proceeds to draw up a list of all the noteworthy words

and phrases in "King Leir" which are to be found both in "The Troublesome Reign" and in Peele's acknowledged work.

This is a method which can easily be misused. The Baconians, for instance, have done their best to discredit it. But though the reader of Mr. Sykes may rebel at first, his protests will soon be stifled by the remorseless accumulation of phrases which occur both in "King Leir" and in Peele's acknowledged plays, but seldom, if ever, in any other contemporary writer.

The comparison of phrases is not Mr. Sykes's only weapon. In his discussion of Wilkins's share in "Pericles" he supports his case with references to Wilkins's ellipsis of the relative, immoderate use of antithesis, repetition of words within one line, and scanty stock of rhymes. The very lines which Mr. Frank Harris has quoted to prove Shakespeare's authorship of the first act of "Pericles," Mr. Sykes adduces, by reason of the elliptic relative contained in them, to support Wilkins's authorship:

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men.

Sentiment, indeed, has no power over Mr. Sykes. Without an apparent qualm he takes Pericles' exquisite address to his infant daughter, and hands it over to Wilkins; and unhappily he makes it almost impossible to dispute this attribution. One wonders if even Professor Saintsbury could restore this gem to Shakespeare. It is to be hoped that he will attempt the feat, for Mr. Sykes has implicitly challenged him by quoting in defiance his "hazardous piece of hariolation," Professor Saintsbury's phrase for any attempt to allocate parts of "Pericles" to a dramatist other than Shakespeare.

Though Mr. Sykes very rarely abandons the firm earth of scholarship for the uncertain currents of æsthetic criticism, when he does venture he can keep his head above water. In his criticism of the Gower choruses in "Pericles" he is again opposed to Professor Saintsbury, who pronounces them "extremely Shakespearean," "comparing them," Mr. Sykes writes, "with the 'similar things' in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'As You Like It,' where there are no similar things, the short-measure verses in these plays not being such as even to suggest the idea of a common authorship." It must be admitted that here again Mr. Sykes has an extremely strong case. The poet who, having summarized the relations of Antiochus and his daughter, could blandly proceed "Bad child, worse father!" must be esteemed fortunate to be identified with Shakespeare by such an authority as Professor Saintsbury.

In his introduction Mr. Bullen lays his finger on one of the few assailable contentions in Mr. Sykes's book. Mr. Sykes will have it that Shakespeare had no hand in "Henry VIII." "Yet," Mr. Bullen writes, "the delightful old lady (in II. iii., a scene which Mr. Sykes assigns to Massinger) will continue to be regarded by many as a typically Shakespearean character, whom Juliet's nurse would have recognized as a kindred spirit." One might add, imitating Mr. Sykes's method, that the old lady's treatment of Anne Bullen's conscientious scruples is almost exactly paralleled, in phrasing and sentiment, by Emilia's remarks to Desdemona on the theme of wifely fidelity.

Mr. Sykes's book is produced with the finish and artistry for which the Shakespeare Head Press is celebrated; and the index—a very important matter in a book of this kind—is a model of clearness and accuracy.

H. K. L.

THE ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY will open its forty-first session on Monday next, when the President, Prof. James Ward, will deliver his inaugural address on the subject "In the Beginning . . ." The Congress which the Society arranges annually will be held next year at Oxford in September, and the French Philosophical Society will take part.

MODERN ECONOMICS

INDUSTRY AND TRADE. By Alfred Marshall. (Macmillan. 18s. net.)

WAR-TIME FINANCIAL PROBLEMS. By Hartley Withers. (Murray. 6s. net.)

CURRENCY AND CREDIT. By R. G. Hawtrey. (Longmans. 15s. net.)

ALFRED MARSHALL'S "Principles of Economics" marked an era in the development of the science. Partly through the reverence which was accorded to John Stuart Mill by the mildly educated classes (who but half understood his work), but more particularly through the writings of second- and third-rate popularizers, Victorian England came to regard political economy almost as a minor branch of the Utilitarian philosophy and to elevate—or degrade—it to the rank of polite learning suitable for the instruction of young ladies at the high schools. The introduction of mathematical apparatus and the recognition of the immensely complicated character of modern business changed all that, and economics is now established as a specialized and highly technical science. Many causes and many men contributed to this result, but the tendencies which were making towards the new phase were gathered up, weighed and developed in Dr. Marshall's book—published nearly 30 years ago. More than any other writer, Dr. Marshall can claim to be the founder of modern economics.

His present volume has been awaited long and eagerly. It is a survey of some of the main features in the economic structure of modern society, attention being concentrated on the development of industrial technique and business organization and the problems connected with it. Book I describes the origins of the industrial methods and characteristics which now prevail in Western civilization, and examines with impartiality and insight the contributions which have been made by Britain, France, Germany and the United States. In Book II Dr. Marshall proceeds to consider present methods and tendencies of industry as they operate in "an open market," *i.e.* a market which is not controlled by an absolute or partial monopoly. "The growth of massive production and the ever-increasing size of the representative business unit in almost every branch of industry and trade"—two dominant and inter-connected currents of development whose rise has been sketched in the First Book—are here again to the fore. The influence of manufacturing technique (more particularly the standardization of products and their manufacture in mass) upon the size of the business unit is first explained. Next, Dr. Marshall turns from the process of production in the narrower sense to that of marketing, in which "the advantages of large capitals in competition with capitals of smaller size are increasing almost everywhere"—a noteworthy example being the growth of massive retail trade. Massive production and marketing need massive capital, and a natural transition leads to the consideration of the growth and influence of the joint-stock method of business organization: this in its turn leads on to an exploration of the financial basis of industry, including a discussion of the increasing power and tendency of strong financial groups to acquire control over many businesses and large fields of industry.

Here the trend towards monopolistic conditions emerges plainly, and, after some observations on Scientific Management, Dr. Marshall takes up this theme in Book III—the last and longest of the main sections into which his volume is divided—which "is given to a study of the good and the evil, the strength and the weaknesses of those combinations and aggregations in industry or trade, which develop monopolistic tendencies, whether of set purpose or not." Dr. Marshall emphasizes the fact that "though monopoly and competition are ideally

wide apart, yet in practice they shade into one another by imperceptible degrees," and that "absolute monopolies" [*i.e.* cases where a seller or buyer has complete and undisputed control over the market] "are of little importance in modern business compared with those which are 'conditional' or 'provisional': that is, which hold their sway 'on condition that' or 'provided that' they do not put prices much above the levels necessary to cover their outlays with normal profits." It is, perhaps, partly for this reason and partly because the theoretical analysis of monopoly has already been elaborated by others (notably by Professor Pigou) that he deals with the subject, not by means of a long train of deductive reasoning, but rather by the skilful dissection and classification of typical instances drawn from the actual experience of modern industry. He begins with a study of monopoly and competition in transport. After a chapter on road and sea transport he proceeds to a more elaborate examination of railway economics in three illuminating chapters which have a topical interest now that nationalization is becoming a practical issue.

Turning to trusts and cartels in industry generally, Dr. Marshall analyses American experience, in somewhat general terms to begin with, and afterwards in relation to particular combinations such as the Steel Corporation, the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust. Germany—the home of the cartel—next claims his attention, a broad exposition of the characteristic forms of combination in that country being based upon and illuminated by accounts of typical institutions like the Westphalian Coal Syndicate and the Steelworks Union. And, finally there follows a longer and fuller discussion of "aggregation, federation and co-operation" in the industry and trade of Britain, copiously illustrated by wisely selected examples. A chapter on "the decline of exclusive class advantages in industry" closes the book, save for sixteen appendices.

Such, in outline, is the plan of the treatise. It is impossible, in the space at our disposal, to attempt to appraise it or criticize it in detail. We must be content to record some general impressions.

Perhaps its least satisfactory feature is its moral tone. Not because that tone is low—quite the contrary; but because, in a scientific treatise, a moral tone, however elevated, seems altogether out of place. Science is essentially non-moral, and judgments about the value of human characteristics and the rightness of human actions are outside its scope. Dr. Marshall is too prone to introduce such judgments—sometimes explicitly, and more often implicitly by his choice of language. Connected with this is another fault which is more serious, since it may lead to a misjudgment of facts. As one reads his pages, it sometimes seems that Dr. Marshall's warm approbation of certain traits of character and his vivid sense of the useful part they have played in the progress of industry are causing him to substitute for the proverbial human calculating machine a new "economic man"—"bold," "far-sighted," "alert," "resourceful," bearing in fact a striking resemblance to the captains of industry with whom war-saving advertisements and American moving pictures have made us familiar, and almost as far removed from real life as they are.

But these are venial and even endearing weaknesses, and must not be allowed to obscure our appreciation of a great economist. Dr. Marshall's erudition is immense, and his knowledge and understanding of industry are probably wider and more penetrating than any other living economist can command. Yet his book is not overloaded with detail. He has the faculty not only of arranging his information clearly and logically, but of distilling it. Even when his treatment of his theme is most generalized, the reader is conscious of the knowledge that lies behind—of the mass of material laboriously won

and slowly crushed, sifted and refined by an untiring brain as quartz is crushed and sifted till only the gold remains. Nor is Dr. Marshall ever seduced by the temptation to give undue prominence to a piece of information because it is "curious" or to a subtlety of theory because it is ingenious or paradoxical. He never writes for display, but always with the single-minded desire to present the truth accurately and without false emphasis, even at the risk of seeming platitudinous; and though his extreme conscientiousness often results in an excessive caution in expressing decided opinions, scrupulous intellectual honesty is so rare that it can hardly be too highly prized. There are no fireworks or sweeping new theories in this volume. A hasty reader might, indeed, dismiss it as trite and commonplace. He would be greatly mistaken. It abounds in illuminating suggestions, thrown out very often as *obiter dicta* or crystallized into a single phrase and sometimes a single epithet. But perhaps the main strength of the book lies in the faculty (to which we have already referred) of weighing coolly the relative importance of different phenomena and of seizing their significance; and, above all, in the penetration with which their relation to each other and their interactions are detected and explained. These are not showy qualities. But they are uncommon for all that. "Industry and Trade" is not an epoch-making book in the sense in which the "Principles" was, but it is assured of a lasting, though a less prominent, place in the literature of the science. For it presents a well-balanced picture of the main forces and tendencies which were at work in the organization of business on the eve of the war.

Mr. Withers' book is of lighter metal and makes a more popular appeal. It is a collection of papers which, with one exception, appeared in *Sperling's Journal* between September, 1917, and June, 1919, and covers a variety of topics. Prominent among them is criticism of the Government's war finance. Mr. Withers' views on this subject are well known to readers of the *Economist*, but it is well that they should be made readily available for the general public, and they are expressed here in a brief and lucid form. No one can read these essays (particularly the two papers on "War Finance as it Might have Been") without realizing that if the war Governments had displayed more courage and foresight in handling finance, especially in the earlier months of the war, many of the country's present difficulties might have been avoided. But the difficulties are there: how are they to be overcome? That is the practical question now, and Mr. Withers does not give us very much help in answering it. He rejects the proposal for a capital levy, but his hints at an alternative policy are rather cursory. We wish that he had developed in more detail his plea for a reformed income-tax and an expanded super-tax, and had explained more fully his reasons for thinking that taxes on current effort and new investments would check industry less than a levy on past accumulations. Currency and banking problems provide the material for several of the other papers. Mr. Withers staunchly supports the gold standard: his exposure of the "unlimited-paper" enthusiasts is most effective, and he opposes more scientific substitutes for gold on the ground that the present time of uncertainty is not suitable for experiments: his remarks on banking amalgamations and his criticism of the proposal for a State monopoly are useful contributions to a controversy that is likely to increase in importance. That Mr. Withers now occupies the editorial chair which Walter Bagehot made famous might be used as a parable to illustrate the change in the attitude towards economic problems on which we remarked at the beginning of this review—a parable that might be instructively reinforced by a study of the files of the *Economist*. Bagehot was essentially a *littérateur*: Mr.

Withers is a specialist. Though he combines it with a public-spirited probity and a detachment which are not to be expected in those who are actively engaged in business, he has the City mind: he handles City topics with the easy familiarity that comes of day-to-day experience, and his writings owe much of their value to the shrewd common sense of the man of affairs, coupled with a sympathetic insight into the psychology of the City. The principal quality which he has in common with his distinguished predecessor is the power of explaining financial technique in language that is intelligible to, and grips the interest of, those who are not specialists. This faculty of lucid and entertaining exposition makes "War-Time Financial Problems" a book that can be read with pleasure as well as profit by the uninitiated: in it they will find problems which are of growing importance to the country discussed with much practical wisdom and not a little wit: it is journalism, but journalism of a high order.

Mr. Hawtrey also touches upon some of these problems (he has a chapter on War Finance and one on War Inflation, and the mechanism of credit is a central theme of his book), but he approaches them from quite a different angle. He is interested primarily in theory, and he writes for the most part in abstract terms. He begins by expounding the quantity theory, adopting the unusual course of considering first of all the case of a community which has a complete mechanism of credit, but no money, and thus explaining "logically" instead of "historically" the part which money has come to play in modern society. His final statement of the theory lays stress upon "consumers' income" (*i.e.* the aggregate of individual net incomes) and "consumers' outlay" (*i.e.* the aggregate of individual expenditure on things which are not bought to be sold again), to the exclusion of the time-honoured notions of "the rapidity of circulation" and "the volume of transactions." We cannot say that his line of approach seems to have any great advantage over more usual methods, though in certain particulars it is more up-to-date, and brings into the light some implications of the established theory which are apt to be obscured. Other chapters deal with the theory and working of the foreign exchanges, financial crises and the theory of banking. Here again the treatment is in the main generalized and abstract, and Mr. Hawtrey does not make any substantial addition to accepted doctrines—indeed he does not set out to do so. The most interesting chapters are those which are devoted to the history of the Assignats and the (English) Bank Restriction of 1797. These are admirable essays in monetary history, and contain much new information well and compactly arranged. The same is true, in a less degree, of the chapter entitled "A Change of Standard," which gives a (necessarily brief) account of the development of English coinage in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the book as a whole is in danger of falling between two stools: it is not easy or simple enough for beginners, and it does not take enough for granted to appeal to those who are already familiar with the theory of money. It could have been improved a good deal by rearrangement and a redistribution of emphasis. It is, however, the product of an acute intellect which reasons closely and threads its way through what are sometimes rather tortuous paths of abstraction. To see how a theory—even if it be an old one—is reflected in a mind so clear as Mr. Hawtrey's is always helpful, and for this reason the analytical part of his book is by no means without value, though we confess to a feeling that a detailed and documented study of the way in which its laws actually exert their influence in a developed business community is more needed than a restatement of their theoretical basis.

G. S.

THE MODERN HISTORIAN

How I FILMED THE WAR. By Lieut. Geoffrey Malins, O.B.E. (Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. MALINS must surely be the greatest cinematograph operator that the world has yet seen. Very few men have displayed such courage and devotion in winning an empire or in winning a wife as Mr. Malins has shown in taking his war films. The greatness of his objective completely overwhelmed all other considerations; through all obstacles and all dangers he went straight to his appointed end. Although he has written a book of over three hundred pages we cannot make out what sort of man Mr. Malins really is. We see nothing but the superb cinematograph operator. If we try to imagine Mr. Malins existing before the invention of moving pictures we fail completely, just as, quite obviously, Mr. Malins himself would fail to imagine a filmless world. His one idea is so luminous, so insistent, that we are hypnotized into sharing it with him. Amidst bursting shells, the bellowing roar of exploding mines, the hail of machine-gun bullets, the bewildering rush of the attack and counter-attack, we are beset with novel anxieties—they are Mr. Malins' anxieties. Will the next shell-burst be in focus? Is the mud spattered up by the machine-gun bullets getting on the lens? As shell after shell drones through the air Mr. Malins feverishly twists his camera about. Has he judged the point of impact correctly this time? Will he get his picture? Presently a shell bursts within a few yards of Mr. Malins and knocks him head over heels. Gasping in the rarefied air of the explosion, he picks himself up and, his face drawn with horror, rushes to his camera. Calamity! One of the tripod legs is broken!

These are what we may call the normal anxieties of Mr. Malins' life; there are others. The British habit of attacking at dawn was a continual annoyance to Mr. Malins, although he patriotically says comparatively little about it. The battle of St. Eloi, when the Germans plastered our trenches so heavily, looked at one time as if it were going to be a failure:

The frightful din continued. It was nothing but high explosives, high-explosive shrapnel, ordinary shrapnel, trench bombs, and bullets from German machine-guns. One incessant hail of metal. Who on earth could live in it? What worried me most was that there was not sufficient light to film the scene; but, thank Heaven, it was gradually getting lighter.

But what if, as it got lighter, the bombardment had died down? Truly Mr. Malins led a life of care.

It was at the beginning of the battle of the Somme that Mr. Malins had his greatest fright. He was, as usual, in the front-line trenches, peering over the top. His camera was in position, focussed on the redoubt under which the huge mine of twenty tons of aminol was sprung at the commencement of the attack. Mr. Malins knew it was to go up at 7.20. He began to expose at 7.19 and the mine was late.

I looked at my exposure dial. I had used over a thousand feet. The horrible thought flashed through my mind, that my film might run out before the mine blew. Would it go up before I had time to reload? The thought brought beads of perspiration to my forehead. The agony was awful; indescribable. My hand began to shake. Another 250 feet exposed. I had to keep on.

This was the experience that taught Mr. Malins what fear is. However, the mine went up then, and Mr. Malins secured a perfect picture of it. Even then he had anxieties. German shells were crashing all round him, flinging up dirt that cut his face like whips. Again that dreadful sinking of the heart; is the lens getting dirty? But, as all the world knows, Mr. Malins took his pictures. That he is alive to write a book (and an extremely good book) about them is one of the incredible things of the war.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MYSTICISM

TRAHERNE (AN ESSAY). By Gladys E. Willett. (Cambridge, Heffer. 2s. 6d. net.)

FROM the evidence, external and internal, afforded by the title-page and the style of the essay itself, we should imagine that this little work had been originally read for the delectation and instruction of some academical society, and thereafter printed in the University city where it was delivered. Miss Willett's example might, we feel, profitably be imitated. The yearly output of essays by the students of our universities must be enormous, and even if only one out of a thousand compositions of this kind is not entirely worthless, there must still be an appreciable number that deserve to be rescued from the oblivion of manuscript.

Miss Willett's essay on Traherne is not a very brilliant or original piece of work, but it is sensibly written, and contains all the available facts and a certain amount of plain straightforward criticism. We have seen better essays of the kind; but then we have seen many more that were not nearly so good, that were, indeed, unspeakably much worse.

Perhaps the most interesting section of Miss Willett's monograph is that in which she treats of the contemporary background of Traherne's mysticism. The seventeenth century was an age which believed in mysticism, intellectually. Even those who possessed none of the mystical intuition, who had never seen visions or communed with God face to face, who were, indeed, in no true sense of the word mystics, believed in the efficacy and value of mysticism. Even Milton, whom no one could accuse of being a mystic, speaks of "the bright consummate flower" of intuitive knowledge as the highest form of knowledge to which it should be the desire of all to attain, at any rate in the life to come. We find neo-Platonic mystical phraseology on the lips of every scholar, every poet. The amorists are perpetually playing round the notion of ecstasy, in the most technical sense of that term; souls are "ravished" and "rapt" on the slightest provocation. Miss Willett is a little too much inclined to call everyone who indulges in mystical terminology, or amuses himself with ruminating mystical ideas, a mystic. Thus she gives this title even to Donne. Now Donne, like many men of brilliant intellectual capacity and a sceptical turn of mind, was obviously attracted by the idea of mysticism, with its short cut to absolute knowledge, its specious promises of certainty and truth. He harks back to it again and again, both in his love poems and in his religious poems. But to call him a mystic, this restless spirit, compounded of cleverness, passion and doubt, is surely absurd. He forced himself against his will and his reason to believe, and even so

my devout fits come and go away
Like a fantastique Ague.

The born mystic, to whom vision comes spontaneously, is serener, more secure in his knowledge of God, than Donne ever was. Nor can we agree with Miss Willett in calling George Herbert a mystic. The fact that he, like Donne, made use of mystical ideas and language is simply an additional proof of the popularity of this kind of philosophy in the seventeenth century. It seems even to have been more or less systematically practised. The community at Little Gidding was a community of would-be Anglican mystics, and that more curious flock shepherded by the elder Pordage, the necromantic father of Dryden's "lame Mephibosheth, the wizard's son," was made up of avowed disciples of Jacob Boehme.

At Oxford, and among his fellow-Churchmen, Traherne could not have failed to come into contact with these

widely diffused ideas, and they may have helped to give a form and a direction to his natural tendencies. But the tendencies were born in him, not created by education. We wish Miss Willett could have brought out more clearly the profound difference that exists between such genuine mystics as Traherne, Crashaw and the great Vaughan, and the other writers of the period who only believe in mysticism at second hand, with their intellects, and whose use of mystical language and ideas is therefore purely academical. It is a difference that one can feel better than one can analyse or describe. Miss Willett has not helped us to formulate it.

A. L. H.

AN ESSAY IN RELIGIOUS REALITY

THE THEOLOGY OF JESUS; AND OTHER SERMONS. By W. E. Orchard, D.D. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)

IN this day of religious mediocrity Dr. Orchard, the incumbent of the King's Weigh House, gives a touch of vividness to a dreary scene. A Free Church minister who celebrates the Communion with all the appurtenances of the Roman Mass will not be refused the merit of audacity, but Dr. Orchard is neither a *poseur* nor an eccentric. He is, on the contrary, extremely hard-headed, and, almost alone among our popular preachers, resolved to look the world of facts in the face. Take his views on the War and the Peace, for example:

"During war-time we were told that the Sermon on the Mount and all the clearest teaching of Jesus had to be abandoned. Yet now that the war is won, and won as no war has ever been won in history, we have still to postpone the resumption of Christian relations. We are forced to defend the Peace Treaty we propose, on the ground that it is only what they would have done to us if they had had the chance; apparently in forgetfulness that the word of Christ ran somewhat otherwise.

And again:

Would a Catholic permit you for any reason in heaven or earth to break open the tabernacle and trample underfoot the Host? Then why the tabernacle of God in human flesh? We must find some other way of fighting than this.

It is easy to say such things in 1919. But Dr. Orchard was saying them in 1916; his boldness does not increase as the danger lessens. In his treatment of the class-war he shows the same thirst for reality as in his treatment of the world war:

There will have to be the acceptance of the basis of the immense importance of the working classes and a recognition of their gross exploitation. Christian reconciliation is not a mere soother of irritated feelings; it is not an ingenious compromise; it is something that has to be secured by sacrifice.

These quotations should be enough to show that Dr. Orchard wears no bandage before his eyes, and declines to shape his doctrine to suit his pew-renters. It is a fact worth remarking, then, that he should hold so confidently that the remedy for the ills he grapples with is still to be found in Christianity, and in Christianity of the traditional type. Dr. Orchard's growing conservatism is striking. There was nothing but choice to prevent his being a Modernist. When he says, for instance, after discussing the evidence for the Virgin birth of Christ, that "we are driven, therefore, to conclude that no explanation but the one of fact at present holds the field," it is clear that what drives him is neither Pope nor Bishop; he has not even a Synod to which he must render account. He is giving the free assent of unfettered reflection. When he says: "I could not continue to celebrate the sacrament if it were only a symbol, still less if it were an empty rite that might be dispensed with," he is not reiterating a dogma imposed upon him, but offering the fruit of a personal experience. There was a bitter saying at the

time of the Reformation that "new presbyter is but old priest writ large." Dr. Orchard's career shows something more agreeable: the exercise of a really generous Free Churchmanship brings him back to the fundamentals of Catholicism.

He claims the title of "Catholic" for himself, in spite of his isolation from the hierarchy; and salvation by a return to Catholicism is his gospel to the Churches and the world. His sermon on "The Christian International," the most weighty of the pieces in this volume, maintains that the League of Nations must fail of its purpose without a religious union of humanity. This ideal of creating a worldwide spiritual unity has fascinated a multitude of thinkers, who started, many of them, from the opposite pole to Catholicism. It has been shared with Lamennais by Comte and Maurras, but it is a novel theme in English Nonconformity. Dr. Orchard, however, who is not blinded by his enthusiasms, points out with acuteness the difficulty on the threshold:

It is supposed that Rome is a danger to every country. I do not know. But I am fairly certain that there is not a single country in which Jesus Christ would have been left alive or out of prison during these last few years. What is the matter with Rome is that she has not been nearly dangerous enough to States organized as they are and actually at war.

Dr. Orchard reverses the Gibbonian maxim that the virtues of the clergy are more dangerous than their vices. Attributing his own fearlessness to his brethren, he thinks that if Christianity triumphs at all, it will be by its principles, and not in spite of them. He hardly perceives what a paradox this has become.

D. L. M.

THE DEATH OF MAN; AND OTHER POEMS. By R. C. Trevelyan. (Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Trevelyan is one of the most *digne*, most solid of contemporary poets. He can always be depended on to produce a thoroughly reliable article, and in "The Death of Man" he has given us well-made and interesting verse that is quite up to standard. The poem which gives its name to the volume is a dialogue between that fabulous Last Man, who has attracted so many writers from Campbell to H. G. Wells, and his Mother Earth. There are few poets who can give to philosophical verse that passionate intensity which alone can make it live. Fulke Greville was one of them, and at rare moments Mr. Trevelyan almost reminds us of him, as in these lines:

But Sense once to self-awareness grown
Became a restless fire
Of impotent unappeasable desire,
Self-torturing, self-hated,
A fear, an infinite lust,
A misery, a disease, thought's pining void.

But on the whole we prefer Mr. Trevelyan's lyrics to these longer philosophical pieces. "Clouds," "Wind" and "Cloud-Birth" have a grave beauty which renders them not easily forgettable. They are personal and spontaneous; later on in the book we see him wandering from China to Peru in search of subjects, Confucius, Amariyllis, Pan, Krishna, Buddha—Mr. Trevelyan writes poems about all of them. We wish he would be content to talk only of himself.

THE JADE HEART

I sent my Love a heart of jade,
Not that the stone was rare,
Nor that I meant its ivy shade
To match her deep red hair;
Nor yet for a reproachful sign
Of coldness, for the gift was mine.

But love which springs to life from two
And dwells with only one,
Whose very softness did undo
Me, seeks her who has none;
And schemes to put her in my debt
For something hard and exquisite.

OLIVER ST. JOHN.

A STANDSTILL

SAINT'S PROGRESS. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

SO there is a "new school" of fiction after all! We had come to believe that the phrase "to belong to the new school" had entirely lost its face-meaning, and was nothing but a despairing, lift-of-the-eyebrow joke between the critic and his public, a "Heaven knows what the young man or the young woman is driving at. I certainly don't, and I defy you to." But no. These wandering students have their roof-tree and their bell. They are a definite body enough for Mr. John Galsworthy to delay his easy progress in the well-sprung carriage on what we might call the early afternoon of his journey, for as long as it takes him to give them a good beating.

But while we are all gratitude to Mr. Galsworthy for putting us out of our doubts by conducting us to the positively resounding portals, we cannot help feeling it is over-severe on his part so to thrust the whole school under the stick.

When once in a while some literary work of the new school came their way, with its self-conscious exhortations to complete self-consciousness, its doctrine of pure and utter selfishness, or of a hopelessly self-conscious unselfishness, with the querulous and thin-blooded passionateness of its young heroes and heroines, bent on nothing but realizing their unrealizable self through a sort of brain-spun arrogance and sexuality.

Even when we take into account the lively sense of responsibility which a famous and elder author must feel towards the new generation, these are formidable blows, and we are at a loss to call to mind the names of those works, numerous and noteworthy enough to form a new school, which have provoked them. It is certain, however, that Mr. Galsworthy would not have adopted these draconian methods were he not confident that nothing less would answer. Alas! then, it would seem that we have discovered the new school only to cry "Hail and farewell" to it—only to turn aside, with a shudder, to the old school for our consolation and reward.

The hero of Mr. Galsworthy's new novel is a clergyman, the Rev. Edward Pierson. Let us imagine him seated at his little piano, for his life is divided between love of music and religion. On either side of him stands a daughter. Gratian, the elder, turns from her father to a dark, down-right, shrewd doctor of a husband with a passion for argument; Nollie, aged eighteen, leans over a perambulator containing a war-baby—her left hand, shamelessly and proudly uncovered, wears no ring. A dark, lean, travelled Englishman, with a game leg (caused by the war), looks towards Nollie and longs, but there is a woman between them, bent on distracting his attention. Leila (Delilah, as Nollie calls her), in a black silk gown such as Malay women wear, holds up her white arms and presses a gardenia against Jimmy Fort's mouth. She is forty-four, with touched-up hair, and reddened lips, and she is making her last bid for love. Then we have a couple, Aunt Thirza and Uncle Bob—Aunt Thirza, in a lilac-coloured gown; like a painting of "Goodness" by an old master, restored by Kate Greenaway. Her inexpressible tranquillity, unsentimental tenderness, matter-of-fact busyness, together with the dew in her eyes, had been proof against twenty-three years of life on a plantation.

—Uncle Bob, who

grew like a cork tree, and acted like a sturdy and well-natured dog. His griefs, angers and enjoyments were simple as a child's, or as his somewhat noisy slumbers. They were a notably well-suited couple.

Further off there stands a Belgian refugee, a painter, in a broad-brimmed slouch hat and "a black stock and seemingly no collar." He, too, gazes admiringly and sadly at Nollie. Then, compassing them all about, there is a ghastly company of faces; faces he had thought friendly, of good men and women whom he knew, yet at that moment did not know, all gathered round Noel with fingers pointing at her.

They are Edward Pierson's parishioners. Two more figures and the stage is complete. Upon a back cloth, leading his men, the boy-father of the war-baby spins round, shot through and through; and up in the air, fifteen years away, there floats the sweet sad vision of Edward Pierson's dead wife. He and not his daughter is the central figure of the book, the "saint" whose pitiful progress Mr. Galsworthy traces. Sincere, sensitive, wistful, dreamy, emotional, we meet him first at Bob and Thirza's country house, where he is enjoying a well-earned holiday. Nollie is there, too, and "a handsome boy with a little golden down on the upper lip of his sunny red-cheeked face." Even then, when her innocence is little short of prodigious, when she might almost be eighteen months old rather than eighteen years—

"Daddy, your nose is burnt!"

"My dear, I know."

"I can give you some white stuff for it. You have to sleep with it on all night. Uncle and Auntie both use it."

"Nollie!"

"Well, Eve says so . . ."

—he is distressed for her; he feels she has become "a great responsibility" and sighs that his dear wife is not there to help him. Judge then how his distress passes to dismay when she tells him she "can't afford to wait, she 'must' marry the young man." He has barely signified his disapproval when the elder daughter Gratian telegraphs him to come to her; her husband is desperately ill. He arrives home, and immediately his daughter informs him, in the room where her husband lies between life and death, that she no longer believes in immortality, no longer believes in God. This is a frightful blow to him. Three days later, the husband, out of danger, challenges him "to show me where there's any sign of altruistic pity, except in man," and, after a most painful fight,

. . . going to the little piano in the corner, he opened it, and began playing the hymn. He played it softly on the shabby keys of this thirty-year old friend, which had been with him since college days, and sang it softly in his worn voice. . . .

On page 19, when Edward Pierson is still in the country, Mr. Galsworthy describes his visit to a church—how

it was so long since he had been preached to, so long since he had had a rest! The words came forth, dropped on his forehead, penetrated, met something which absorbed them, and disappeared.

At the time, these words seemed to us remarkable in themselves, but a closer acquaintance with the padre's life immeasurably heightens their significance. Those words dropping, penetrating, being absorbed, disappearing—must have been a rare treat to him. For it seems that never again throughout the book do they do aught but wound him, stab him, perplex him, or grievously upset and bewilder him, and never again is he preached to; it is he only who does the preaching. Always on the threshold of his lips there trembles a "Let us pray." What was his life indeed but one long shower of arrows, into which he stepped, bravely, but with ever the wistful thought: "Ah, if only I had my dear wife with me now!" Indeed, if he were not so tragic we would say he is like a man who has lost a beloved umbrella fifteen years ago and counts it sin to buy another.

But with Noel's baby the air becomes too thick. He feels it his duty to have the perambulator in his hall, but the parishioners will not bear it. And he is forced to resign.

The saint's progress is over. We see the stage slowly darken. All the other actors are gone. The temptress has returned to South Africa; Gratian and her husband, happy undisturbed pragmatists, are at work to improve this world. Nollie, even though she has, as her family so gracefully put it, "burnt her wing," is married to Jimmy Fort; Uncle Bob and Aunt Thirza are—but why need we go any further? The stage is empty. The stage—the stage . . . the actors are gone. . . . K. M.

POLISH LITERATURE AND ENGLISH READERS

THE ANONYMOUS POET OF POLAND, ZYGMUNT KRASINSKI. By Monica M. Gardner. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE present status of Slavonic studies in England is so deplorable, and the task of attempting to promote them is so thankless, that it is a marvel to find anyone willing to undertake it. Even among quite intelligent readers it is assumed that relatively unimportant languages must be the medium for correspondingly unimportant literatures, and the enthusiastic student of Czech or Polish writers, for instance, is regarded as having lost all sense of proportion in his critical judgments, and is comfortably disposed of as one who, having learned a difficult language, vastly overrates everything he reads in it. And although reviewers are sometimes kind enough to simulate a polite interest if any of these products are brought to their notice, they do not really succeed in disguising their attitude of condescension in the matter.

Since things are so, Miss Gardner deserves credit for patience and industry which must, to a large extent, be their own reward. Her detailed monograph on the life and works of Krasinski is evidently the result of careful research among original Polish sources, prompted by a genuine attachment to the subject. But as we read her pages we are led to consider whether, after all, she might not have been more judicious in her expenditure of time and energy. If English readers are to be attracted to Polish literature (and we assume that Miss Gardner does not altogether ignore that possibility), will a book of this character best achieve such an end? In our opinion, those works of Krasinski which are likely to appeal to the foreign reader, to whom also they can be made accessible with the least detriment to themselves, are "The Undivine Comedy" and "Irydion." Perhaps a translation of these two pieces, preceded by a brief biographical and critical introduction, would have been more effective as a preliminary step towards stimulating an interest here in Krasinski and his compatriots, if such an interest can be stimulated at all. We hazard this conjecture with a full recognition of Miss Gardner's achievement, but also with an impression that the interest of her book begins to flag after she has finished dealing with these two works. On the other hand, she does full justice to the tragic features in Krasinski's life. It is a sad chronicle, but it is necessary for the proper understanding of his works. Apart from his physical weaknesses, he was condemned to act as scapegoat for his father's betrayal of the Polish cause, to which he himself was passionately devoted. It was largely due to the resulting stigma on his name that he issued his writings anonymously.

The numerous translations which add considerably to the value of Miss Gardner's book are competently done, but on the whole they are more conscientious than inspired. We may observe, too, that Miss Gardner has probably been quite wise to abstain from reproducing all the poetical features of the Polish originals, even though, in such a characteristic work as "Dawn," this method results in a quite appreciable sacrifice of beauty. It would have been better if she had indicated where the original has been curtailed in her renderings. Thus on p. 233 she suddenly omits ten lines without any hint that she has done so, and this practice is repeated.

Miss Gardner's present volume is a successor to her previous work on Mickiewicz. We hope that, in spite of the unfavourable conditions to which we have alluded (perhaps rather insistently), she will complete a trilogy by adding a critical study of Slowacki, the third and not the least radiant among the Polish sons of light. P. S.

NINETY YEARS AGO

THE first article in THE ATHENÆUM of October 28, 1829, reminds us of a forgotten, or at least imperfectly remembered celebrity, "L. E. L.," or, in full, Letitia Elizabeth Landon. The thirty-six years of her short life were a crowded and glorious hour. She started as an infant prodigy; William Jerdan, the journalist, records that "my first recollection is that of a plump girl bowling a hoop round the walks, with the hoop-stick in one hand and a book in the other, reading as she ran. The exercise was prescribed; the book was choice." She published her first poem when she was eighteen, and soon became one of Jerdan's chief coadjutors on the *Gazette*, the ATHENÆUM's most formidable rival in the literary world. Reviewing did not interfere with the production of poetry, and between 1820 and the publication in 1829 of "The Venetian Bracelet," the volume under review in this number of THE ATHENÆUM, she had poured forth a small ocean of verse.

The ATHENÆUM reviewer, who shows himself very friendly to the young poetess, begins by adjuring her not to pay any attention to his or anyone else's review:

There are few subjects upon which we can speak without considerable bashfulness; but this is one, and we take upon ourselves with great boldness to assure Miss Landon that very little which we or our contemporaries can say to her is at all worthy of her attention. The less she reads us or them, let her take our word for it, the better. If we censure her it is most probably on a wrong ground, and to reform according to our direction would be her ruin. If we praise her, and this we speak with real solemnity, and in a fair conviction strengthened by many passages of her late work that her heart will echo our words, she may have reason to curse us all her life through.

Certainly the reviewer is right in supposing that flattery was L. E. L.'s undoing. She was sadly spoiled from girlhood upwards, and the charming, easy gift that she naturally possessed was never improved.

The approach of Christmas brings with it a large crop of those annuals and keepsakes so popular at the period. "The Gem," "The Forget Me Not," and the "Iris" are all reviewed in THE ATHENÆUM of October 28, and we also find advertisements of "The Winter's Wreath for 1830," "The Zoological Keepsake," and "The Polar Star."

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S three days' sale on November 12-14 appeals to very divergent interests. It opens with a large number of Eastern drawings; a few of them are of the Mughal school, most of them of the Delhi and Rajput derivatives. The appreciation of these works is comparatively recent: their combination of the Persian sense for decorative effect and the Hindu power of characterization is very striking, even in comparatively weak artists. There are besides a number of fine Persian manuscripts, the merits of which are now recognized by all good judges. The Western manuscripts in the sale include a Rolle MS. (erroneously dated thirteenth century, for he was only born in 1290), a fine Justinian, and a good Horæ. There are nine incunabula, of which the most desirable are a Sweynheym & Pannartz book of 1472, and two German books illustrated by woodcuts—an Æsop and a Terence. The central attraction of the sale is for wealthy collectors of English literature alone—whole collections of first editions of Byron, Shelley, Stevenson, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Milton, Spenser, and Lewis Carroll. There are also included a Gerard's Herbal, a York Missal of 1517 which belonged to Bishop Wordsworth, a rare collection of catechisms in English of Elizabeth's time, a quite large number of writing books, and one of the twenty copies of Ford's "Handbook to Spain" in its original state when the printing was stopped and the book rewritten.

We have received a number of booksellers' catalogues—among others, from Mr. Francis Edwards (works on the Fine Arts, Dürer items, etc.), W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge (Anthropology and Archæology) and Mr. Everard Meynell. Mr. Meynell's catalogues are a model of tasteful production, and this, which contains a fine selection of books appealing to the amateur of English poetry and art, is especially seductive.

Science FATIGUE

THE greatest pleasures in life come from the natural exercise of our faculties, and whatever exercise we take, if of sufficient degree, is followed by fatigue, which is yet another pleasurable sensation. Fatigue is so pleasant that many court it by taking exercise that is dull in itself for the sake of the sensation of well-being that follows it. At the present time we hear much of fatigue; it may be in relation to industrial work and the relative merits of a six- or eight-hour day that the question of fatigue occurs; or perhaps in speaking of the strain of war we pass imperceptibly to the discussion of over-fatigue, and ascribe to it much of the present unrest that affects nations as well as individuals.

There are various methods of gaining an insight into the nature of fatigue, more especially in its relation to muscular exertion. It may be shown experimentally in the excised and still living calf muscle of a frog. The muscle is fixed at one end and attached by the other to a weighted lever; it is then stimulated to contraction at intervals by an electric shock. With each contraction the lever is moved, and is so arranged that it leaves a record of the movement on a revolving drum. While the strength of the stimulus remains uniform, the muscle at first responds with increasingly vigorous contractions, but they quickly settle to a uniform level which is maintained until fatigue sets in, when successive contractions become gradually less vigorous as the muscle tires. The time that elapses before the last period sets in depends on a number of factors such as the temperature, the nature of the medium in which the muscle hangs, the strength of the stimulus, and the weight of the lever. Up to a certain point there is increasing efficiency of contraction with increasing load; beyond this point an increased load results in the earlier onset of fatigue. In muscular contraction there is a consumption of energy-yielding substances such as sugar, and supplying these by perfusion of a fluid containing them, as has been done through an isolated beating heart, delays the onset of fatigue. It is by their destruction that the requisite energy for muscular contraction is set free, oxygen being required in addition for this purpose. A liberal supply of oxygen to the muscle delays the onset of fatigue, and this may be further delayed if means are taken to remove the waste products of activity, such as carbonic acid gas and lactic acid.

Such experimental observations allow of an analysis of what we know so well in the simple feeling of fatigue. There is in the first place a sense of satisfaction, of relaxation and repose, which welcomes rest and may determine sleep. The muscles, even the whole body, may feel tired and stiff on movement, again a not unpleasant sensation, which reinforces the mental desire for rest. Rest is the first demand, since time is required for the removal of the waste products of activity, for repairing the wear and tear of tissues, and for building up again the fuel for future use. It is an insistent demand, and nature will go great lengths to meet it. If a man is overtired he will have no appetite for food; though his reserves are depleted he may not replenish them, for digestion and assimilation require a fresh expenditure of energy and the body refuses a further outlay. It is not always realized how great is the expenditure of energy in the digestion of a meal. The output is in glandular activity, in the form of digestive juices, and in muscular activity in the movements of the gut. In this fact we have the rational basis for a small meal in the middle of a busy day, and for the slothful feeling that follows

a heavy Sunday lunch. In the latter case it is not the sluggish that we see asleep before us, but a man who is busily engaged in an exertion that is comparable to a five- or ten-mile walk.

The subject becomes more complex when we turn to the activity of nervous tissue. This tissue is the most highly specialized of all the tissues of the body and tires more rapidly than any. Yet activity during waking hours is a normal function of the brain, and the limits of mental activity are more elastic than those of muscular activity. The reason for this apparent paradox is found in the complexity of nervous structure and mental processes, in consequence of which identical activity is rarely repeated and opportunity is given for unit parts of the brain to rest. The natural inclination of the mind is to follow varying trains of thought, but when by conscious effort the mind is concentrated on a single object, fatigue occurs more readily and attention is inclined to wander with the insistent demand of the brain for rest. The constant repetition of a single thought is at once a cause of brain fatigue; it may be the reiteration in half-waking hours of some phase in the work of the day before, or it may be the obsession of fear or grief that keeps the mind pinned down in the same small circle of ideas. Thus normally, the brain is spared fatigue by the variety of its processes; it may be rested by application to a fresh subject, so that while interest is awake its activities expand in widening circles, and though the mind is continually at work the brain has time to rest. Then, again, the brain escapes fatigue because continually repeated actions become almost reflex, requiring only a minimum of mental energy for their initiation and completion. Monotonous work may be dull, but it is not fatiguing, since the actions become automatic. Much of our daily life is automatic and our mental energy is spared for conscious effort.

In spite of these safeguards it is in mental activity that we run the greatest risk of over-fatigue. Excessive interest, excitement, emotion, are each sufficient to obliterate the sense of fatigue, and as a result a man may feel stimulated and appear to others over-excited when in fact he is suffering from over-fatigue. Such a one is tired out as soon as he has an idle day, for the variety or intensity of interest no longer dulls fatigue. He has now passed the stage when tiredness is pleasant. Nature has made the call for rest, and, meeting with no response, attempts to divert the expenditure of energy into a new channel. It is a spendthrift policy. It leads to restlessness and a craving for excitement; persistence and perseverance are lost, and men throw up their work without adequate reason. The last stage is reached when nerve exhaustion threatens, and the mind is preyed upon by fear. It may be fear of meeting people or fear of being alone; fear of failure, or even fear of the giddy height of slight success. The mind has lost its balance, and the brain, bankrupt of its store of energy, fears the least expenditure on any new exertion that it may be called upon to make.

The remedy is simple, though sometimes difficult to attain. It is occupation and a good night's rest that is the aim in view, and a daily routine, which is labelled as monotony, is the surest path to tread.

THE offices of the "Subject Index to Periodicals," formerly called the "Athenæum Index to Periodicals," have been transferred to The Library Association, Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. It is earnestly to be hoped that maximum of support will be given to this valuable publication. The subject lists for the period 1917—June, 1919, are in active preparation. The first list, "Theology and Philosophy," will shortly be in the press. We are informed that the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust has subscribed for a large number of copies of the Index for 1915-19.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Oct.
 Fri. 31. University College, 5.—"Italian Society in the Renaissance," Lecture IV., Dr. E. G. Gardner.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Guerro Janqueiro and Portuguese Republicanism," Professor George Young.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Greek Drama," Lecture V. (in French), Dr. Lysimachos Economos.
- Nov.
 Mon. 3. Royal Institution, 5.—General Meeting.
 King's College, 5.30.—"British and Irish Writings (7th to 9th Centuries)," Dr. H. J. White.
 King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Learning and Science in Poland," Lecture IV., Professor L. Tatarkiewicz.
 University College, 5.30.—"Indexing of Books and Periodicals: Indexing in Business and Daily Life," Mr. W. R. B. Prideaux.
 Aristotelian, 8.—President's Address, "In the Beginning . . ."
 Geographical, 8.30 (Æolian Hall).—"Central Kurdistan," Major Kenneth Mason.
- Tues. 4. University College, 5.30.—"Danish Literature," Lecture I., Mr. J. H. Helweg.
 Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—President's Address.
 Zoological, 5.30.—Exhibition of Skiagraphs of *Vermiculina* from examples grown in a Hypertonic Tank by Mr. E. Heron Allen; "On the Species of *Balaninus* occurring in Borneo (Coleoptera, Curculionidæ)," Dr. Guy Marshall; and other Papers.
- Wed. 5. University College, 3.—"History and Drama in the 'Divina Commedia,'" Lecture III., Dr. E. G. Gardner.
 Royal Archaeological Institute, 4.30.
 Royal Institute of Public Health (37, Russell Square, W.C.1), 4.—"Housing Problems in Rural Districts," Dr. W. G. Savage.
 University, South Kensington, 5.—"Twelve Good Musicians, from John Bull to Henry Purcell," Lecture I., Sir Frederick Bridge.
 Geological, 5.30.—"Some Features in the Topography and Geological History of Palestine," Mr. H. Hamshaw Thomas.
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Struggle between the English and the Dutch for Maritime Power and Commerce," Dr. G. Edmundson.
 University College, 5.30.—"Methods of Learning Foreign Languages," Lecture I., Mr. H. E. Palmer.
 University College, 5.30.—"Norwegian Literature," Lecture I., Mr. I. C. Gröndahl.
 University College, 6.15.—"Fundamental Principles of Taxation in the Light of Modern Developments," Lecture I., Dr. J. C. Stamp. (Newmarch Lectures.)
- Thurs. 6. Royal Society and Royal Astronomical, 4.30.—Discussion on the Total Solar Eclipse of May 29, 1919, to be opened by the Astronomer Royal.
 King's College, 5.30.—"Immortality: The Argument from the Emotions," Prebendary A. Caldecott.
 University College, 5.30.—"Selma Lagerlöf," Lecture I., Mr. I. Björkhamen.
 Child-Study Society (90, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1), 6.—"How to make 'English' live in the Child-Mind," Mr. O. A. Minns.
- Fri. 7. University College, 8.—"An Introduction to Modern Philosophical Thinking," Lecture I., Professor G. Dawes Hicks.

THE Ecole d'Anthropologie of Paris has issued the programme for its 44th year, beginning on November 3. Besides the courses of lectures of the ten professors, there will be conférences on prehistoric human migrations by M. Courcelle-Seneuil, on aesthetic anthropology by M. Cuyet, on the anatomical variations of the extremities by M. Dubreuil-Chambardel, on pedagogic anthropology by M. Godin, and on the lie among criminals by M. Paul Boncour. The special subjects to be taught by the professors are heredity (M. Hervé), physical education (M. Manouvrier), transformism in the eighteenth century (M. Mahoudeau), sepulture in all ages (M. de Mortillet), megalithic monuments (M. Capitan), the normal or abnormal relations of modern civilization with natural laws (M. Schrader), individualism and individuation in view of psycho-sociology (M. Papillault), ethnography (M. Zaborowski), morphological determinism in biology (M. Anthony), linguistics (M. Vinson). We envy the anthropologists of France their possession of so complete an organization for the teaching of the anthropological sciences. It was recognized by a law of May 22, 1889, as an establishment of public utility for higher education

Fine Arts

THE NECESSITY OF THEORIES

PART II.*

THE painter who is "absorbed" by the landscape, who aims only at fixing by a sort of mimicry the vibrations which agitate him, and wishes only to prolong the waves which voluptuously invade him upon his canvas, has no need to "dictate conditions" to his emotions. He is the blind tool of Nature. He does not need to know the laws of which he is merely the unconscious executant. It is of no use to him to meditate upon his works, and to disentangle their significance in order to spare himself painful groping in his future work. His spiritual horizon is exactly bounded by the limits of that which his eyes rediscover every day.

Logical after his fashion, he maintains his mind in a fortunate state of incomprehension which spares him the trouble of exploring a narrow territory whose smallest details he might learn to know. The pains he takes not to keep any profound memory, not to acquire any experience, permit him to be amazed all his life at the same immediate phenomena. But the painter who is ambitious to extend the limits of his material and moral investigations will spare no pains to draw up for himself an inventory of those laws of which he discovers a fresh clause in moments of illumination. Relieved by the discharge of his instinct, which made him work in the divine unconsciousness propitious to the creative act, he "comes to his senses again." He records the miracle. The spring gushes forth before his eyes. No intellectual speculation would have been able to make him find the least detail of the law which he formulates, *with his head at rest*, in a convenient phrase. Theory, therefore, an always incomplete enumeration of a series of rules which lend each other strength, is not the product of cold reasoning, but of the instinct which works in silence, kindling on the inward hearth a mysterious fire, whose burning embers alone reason can gather together. The most striking proof that this law, crystallized into theory, springs from pure instinct, is that the most wretched professor of aesthetics knew of it before the artist; that it has been proclaimed a thousand times—and a thousand times forgotten. In truth, it is, in a way, a vital necessity that a law should be mistaken at a certain moment in order to be rediscovered in amazement; its virtue quickly evaporates; it does not recover its perfume until it has been put away a long while. This explains the usefulness of some historical disasters and catastrophes of thought; it is the only legitimization of romantic epochs, which flood the banks of the mind with a rich alluvium of ignorance.

The eternal laws of architecture, sculpture and painting could be contained in a ridiculously tiny page. Happily such a catechism would never be learned by artists, and the first thing they would do would be to deny all its articles: in their eyes these too precise truths would never be more than commonplaces. It is necessary that the artist in the midst of a group of passionate experiences should have the sudden revelation of a law in order that the law should appear to him invested with its ancient powers. Laws are weapons whose edge—whose double edge—quickly rusts. Before they are sharpened they must be tempered twice, in negation and discovery.

It would be interesting to borrow the turn of mind of our captious critics, and analyse the movements of artistic expansion or decadence. We should thus see that the purest blossomings of art were produced in ages when

*The first part of M. Lhote's article appeared in THE ATHENÆUM for October 17.

it would have been easy for the modern mind to deplore that artists were engaged in research and theoretical speculations. For the great periods of art are precisely periods of ardent interrogation; all minds are directed towards the search for a constructive system; intellects are at work no less than sensibilities. The early works are followed by ideas considered from every angle; and these ideas clear the way for subsequent and more certain creations. These are the periods called archaic or primitive. These interrogative movements are followed by movements of satisfaction, which are the mark of periods of conclusion and decadence. Here artists inherit a too coherent system of ideas and infallible methods. A supreme master appears who unites the laws into a definite system, and his disciples exhaust in repetition, in embroidery or superfluity, an activity which can no longer be employed in anxious studies. The privileged periods of pure and abundant creation are precisely those primitive epochs in which all rules have to be discovered, or rediscovered. Minds that are wholly directed towards a hardly visible truth are bathed in a great innocence. The "archaic" Greeks have the astonished gaze of the child who puts questions to the world at every moment. They have the smile of first discoveries, and the vigour of a first relaxation.

Phidias puts an end to several centuries of search, and leaves to his successors a truth too perfectly organized, too complete for them to add anything at all. The figures of Praxiteles or Scopas already bear the marks of a great weariness; and their body is disintegrated by contacts that are too refined. In the same way in France the Gothic, resolving all the problems posed by the Roman, loses its force in proportion as it is removed from the source of the disquiet which was its motive, and dies of its own satisfaction in a science so circumscribed that it admits no escape.

The situation of the young painters who have received the baptism of Impressionism is as dangerous as it is marvellous. The modern artist is in a twofold condition, of grace and of corruption. On the one side he has the advantage of a perfectly coherent system of Impressionist laws of painting. If his only effort is to profit by it, with the full-fed tranquillity of a sole executor, he becomes the heir of the unhappy security of a concluding period; and he is irremediably condemned to the feeble repetitions that annoy us in the shop windows of Paris. On the other hand, if he meditates a little he must recognize by a chain of theoretical reasoning the inferiority of the Impressionist technique as compared with the Impressionist interrogation. Thus he will accumulate round himself a new mystery; he will push the confines of the unknowable further away; he will penetrate into that region of higher ignorance whose outside walls are occupied by the monarchs of the day, intoxicated by their blind and petty knowledge.

It is in a confused sense of obedience to this need of impatient and salutary self-improvement that the Futurists crudely desire the destruction of museums, and that in our day a thousand landscapists, in the sense we have used above, take pride in never having set foot inside one. Suspicious of behaving like angels, they deliberately behave like beasts; or rather, like the ostrich which believes it is safe from danger when it hides its head in its wings, they imagine that they can abolish the fatal inheritance by forgetting it. But in the first place museums are only exhibitions of examples. They are not a promulgation of the rules which these examples illustrate. To think in front of a masterpiece is generally only to put forward a hypothesis. The "solid" realist will not prove his strength by performing Herculean efforts of denial on his canvas; but by accepting as many

hints as he can get from others. El Greco could receive the lesson of Venice without diminishing himself. By his acceptance of known principles, he was able to imagine all those that it was left to him to discover. Instruction, so far from sterilizing him, fertilized his instinct and his intellect; it exercised a power of inspiration on his mind; it created a vacuum which he was able to fill magnificently by his personal speculations. David and Ingres did the same in France, and nearer to ourselves, Cézanne. One can only say of these great men that they constructed on a higher plane, by virtue of their open-eyed disquietude, a kingdom equivalent to that of the naïveté of the primitives.

Thus the great constructors appear to us, through their particular character, as artists in whom intelligence is occupied in following on the heels of instinct, in meditating it and deciphering its discoveries, and in transforming the element of truth thus obtained into a disquietude more elevated than that which went before, and lending strength to new but never final discoveries. And the great constructive epochs are those in which an immense national interrogation shapes the questions that the artist addresses to the world.

It seems that a great European aspiration is shaking the walls which bounded the little spiritual kingdom with which the pre-war bourgeois were content—our amateurs and the masters of our material destinies. The tricks and amusements that the opportunist painters made their study will not fit the larger buildings. Those among them who wish to amplify their work, without giving up their miserable methods, will burst like the frog in the fable. Salvation is promised to those who disengage, by meditation formed into theory, their intelligence, hitherto submerged by instinct; and to those also—we must emphasize this in order to be completely understood—who, renouncing all apriorism, are able to colour the pure water of their intelligence with the wine of their recovered sensuousness.

ANDRÉ LHOTE.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS ON ART

In his lecture at the Conference Hall, Central Buildings, Westminster, on the 22nd inst., Mr. Wyndham Lewis proved himself a valuable member of the Arts League of Service. A large audience gathered to hear his exposition of "Modern Tendencies in Art," and Mr. Lewis kept it on the *qui vive*. He continually made the gesture of withdrawing the curtain of current confusion and exposing the basic principles which lie behind Cubism, Vorticism and the kindred manifestations of the new spirit; his hand hovered repeatedly on the cord; but each time he thrust the gaping faces back into their stalls and left the curtain hanging as before. Occasionally he allowed them a peep: The moderns who elected Cézanne as their father, picked him out of the dustbin, as it were, overhauled him and decided that he would do, were searching for a formula for their revolt against the Impressionist taboos. . . . The Cubist painters, who have a sense of line and mass, should make abstract designs for buildings, and supersede, in a practical liaison with the engineer the sleepy architects of to-day, who are merely *pasticheurs* incapable of creative construction. . . .

And "So on and so forth," as Mr. Lewis said each time he dropped the cord.

The repeated sectional incompleteness of the lecture, which produced an effect of incoherence, was possibly due to an inability or a reluctance on the part of Mr. Lewis to keep his brain chained to a main issue. It may be that he was adopting the attitude of the late Sir Herbert Tree when he said to the cabman, "Who are you that I should tell you where my beautiful home is?" At any rate, he achieved a success which rarely attends a lecturer, in that the audience went home keener and more curious than they arrived.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who was in the chair, referred to the regrettable conditions of democratic society which force an artist to spend his time talking about his art.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—War Memorials Exhibition.
LEICESTER GALLERIES.—Peace: New Works by C. R. W. Nevinson.

SERBIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY.—Exhibition of Serbo-Croatian Art.

THE War Memorials Exhibition at Burlington House represents the attempt of the Royal Academicians to secure the War Memorial commissions for themselves and their protégés. Lists of artists whom they consider "qualified" can be consulted on the premises. They would have been better advised if they had sacrificed their business instincts, and thrown open their doors to all and sundry. As it is, we are not convinced that they have made a real effort to secure the finest possible monuments. The specimen productions of the "qualified" artists consist of pitiable variations of conventional formulae, and are intellectually and emotionally beneath contempt. As for the stained-glass windows in the manner of Burne-Jones and the Arts and Crafts gimcracks, it is impossible to recognize their claim to commemorate Mons and Ypres and the Somme, and the piled-up agony of the dark years. The most successful work is Sir Thomas Brock's effigy of the late Captain Seely, who fell in Palestine. It is not distinguished by originality or much technical merit, but it is in the English tradition of recumbent effigies, and conveys a breath of war emotion.

Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson is one of the most energetic of our younger artists, and he has lost no time in demonstrating that he can make good in peace as well as in war. He sees nature in terms of modern pictures. If a subject suggests a French Impressionist picture to him, he sits down and paints it in that manner (7 and 8); if it reminds him of Cézanne, he adapts his method accordingly (20); he does not shrink from conventional topographic delineation (22 and 23), or from romantic landscape (2 and 4), or picture-postcard tinting (10), or artistic decoration (5 and 9), or the popular-magazine cover (29). He provides a variety of entertainment where there is something for all tastes. He may almost be said to be not an artist, but a troupe of artistes. But one must admit that all his "turns" are adequately executed. He does what he sets out to do in every case. And behind it all we feel that he has a personal point of view. The works which we believe to represent the most important aspect of his outlook are the early, richly coloured "Issy-les-Moulineaux" (16) and "Sur les Fortifications de Paris" (19), and the quite recent "Brittany: a Pardon" (25), and "Rottingdean" (28). The painter who can in a few years advance from the former to the latter is making steady progress and has already achieved much.

The exhibition of Southern Slav painters and sculptors at the Serbian Red Cross Society, Ennismore Gardens, reveals the overwhelming effect of Mestrovic. If the influence of this great sculptor can be prolonged for two or three hundred years, until his conventions have become instilled into a national consciousness, then a Serbian art founded on Mestrovic might be evolved; but Mestrovic at second hand, as seen in the sculpture of Rosandic, is only annoying, and it is more annoying when it is not merely the general principles underlying which are borrowed, but the details. One finds in "The Awakening" (16) whole parts taken from Mestrovic's "Annunciation," and in the "Sketch of a Group" (35) a variation only of Mestrovic's "Widows." Indeed Rosandic might be termed the beginning of the Mestrovic decadence. This does not mean that his sculpture is not far superior to 99 parts of that shown at the R.A. each year, but that, lacking the qualities of constructive imagination, he lacks the stuff of greatness. M. Racki is a literary painter with a fair amount of a dry talent, but with little sense of design, though he does construct a certain atmosphere for his works by means of a sombre colouring, which is not without attraction. His "Mother and Son" (44) shows his qualities to their best advantage. Tomislav Krisman is an etcher of no great value. The most interesting of the four artists and the most personal is the youngest, Sava Popovic. His "Street Organ-grinders" (57) is the most vivid work in the gallery; it has not the accomplishment of Rosandic nor of Racki, but on the other hand it has far more sense of reality, and it is not overwhelmed by Mestrovic; it has indeed some of the qualities, without being an imitation of Van Gogh.

Music

THE PERSONALITY OF A TEACHER

(In memoriam Charles Harford Lloyd, 1849-1919.)

SELDOM in the history of music have the best teachers been found amongst the great composers. Every composer of the first rank has shown clearly in his work the influence of his predecessors in the art; but in almost all cases the actual teachers of the great men, those who formed their habits of thought and initiated them into the technical methods through which alone they could turn to account what they may have derived from the direct experience of hearing the works of their older contemporaries, were musicians who had little or no claim on the interest of posterity beyond the reflected glory of their more distinguished scholars. It is true that many of the great composers have been teachers, but they taught for the most part unwillingly and only from the necessity of earning a living. Two exceptions alone may be cited—J. S. Bach and Chopin, both of whom were genuinely happy in teaching. But Chopin's pupils were only pianists, and mostly women, in whom his interest extended beyond the limits of music. Bach's most gifted pupils were his own sons, and even they can hardly be said to have done him much credit, for Friedemann ruined his chances by evil living, and Emmanuel never achieved more than respectability. In our own day there have been three conspicuous examples of great teachers who have also been distinguished as composers—César Franck, Gabriel Fauré and Vincent d'Indy. Posterity will judge whether they shall survive longest through their own music or through that of their disciples.

It is almost impossible for a man who concentrates his chief energies on composition to be a good teacher. For teaching, to be of any value, requires as much concentration as composition, and concentration not upon oneself, but upon one's pupils. It cannot be a mere by-product; the teacher must give the best of himself. The composer must inevitably centre his efforts on trying to understand his own personality, to co-ordinate his own intuitions and to find his own individual method for expressing them. It is of no use his attempting to impose this method on his pupils. He must have the gift of understanding others rather than himself; it is their intuition that he must help to co-ordinate, and it is when they have found their own individual techniques that his work is accomplished; Hence one of the first tests of a good teacher, though not the only one, is that he should win the affection of his pupils. It was personal devotion that bound the young Mozart to old Padre Martini at Bologna, and one cannot pay even a brief visit to the Schola Cantorum at Paris without becoming aware of the intense personal devotion that all its students have for Vincent d'Indy.

Martini has come down to us as the classic ideal of a teacher. Burney describes him with his usual felicity in hitting off character: "He joins to innocence of life and simplicity of manners a native cheerfulness, softness and philanthropy. Upon so short an acquaintance I never liked any man more; and I felt as little reserve with him in a few hours as with an old friend or a beloved brother." Reading these words, we cannot fail to be reminded of Dr. Johnson's well-known appreciation of Burney himself. Martini was the most learned musician of his day, but he was a man with a sense of humour, as his innumerable canons bear witness. Cloistered in his monastery at Bologna, he yet maintained by correspondence the friendship of musicians all over Europe. Leopold Mozart, who always had an eye to business, pestered him for letters

of recommendation at Mannheim and other places; Wolfgang, who had been his disciple, made him the confidant of his disappointments and his ambitions.

But Martini possessed more than kindness and sympathy for the young. He was not merely a man of learning; he was a scholar and had the gift of communicating scholarship, as we understand the word in its highest sense, the application of the æsthetic faculty to erudition. He knew that it was impossible for even the greatest genius to make an absolute and irrevocable breach with the past; that a later generation would always be able to trace continuity of development even in the works of the most notorious musical revolutionaries. He owed this knowledge to his historical and critical sense. The same principle has been adopted by Vincent d'Indy, whose great treatise on composition is in fact an analytical course of musical history. The up-to-date teacher who knows all the tricks of modern effect very soon becomes old-fashioned. His pupils only learn from him how to imitate the mannerisms of the music that is just out of date. A composer, if he is to express anything really original, must of necessity make his own technique for expressing it, and he must make it by himself alone. All that a teacher can give him is a method of self-criticism, a sense of style, a grasp of principle that will enable him to teach himself. And as in the case of literature, so in music too education must be based on a study of the classics. The student must acquire the power of going backwards into the mind of music as well as forwards. He must learn to trace to their remote origins the significance of a curve of phrase or of a clash of discord, just as the poet, if he is to use words in their truest, and therefore in their most poetical senses, must be able to follow them back to their Greek or Latin parentage.

So we arrive at another test of the good teacher, his power of illuminating such studies as strict counterpoint and fugue. There are numbers of musicians who imagine that strict counterpoint is an arithmetical exercise which is only practised in order to pass examinations for certain degrees which have no artistic value, but are useful for commercial purposes. As for fugue, it is totally incompatible with any true expression of feeling. Yet those wildest of romantics, Berlioz and Liszt, both made frequent use of fugal methods for expressive purposes. Mozart and Beethoven both turned to fugue in their most serious moments. Verdi employed the form in the "Requiem" and in his Quartet, neither of which can be called conventional or academic in style; and only recently Ravel in "Le Tombeau de Couperin" has given us a fugue that is both modern in treatment and intimate in expression. Strict counterpoint is a more technical and scholastic branch of study; but it rests with the teacher to show that it is the best possible training in the sense of beauty and in the principles of style. We can have little doubt that it formed the basis of all the lessons which Mozart received from Martini; Verdi insisted on it as the primary element of musical study. But although it is taught in most music schools at the present day, there are very few teachers, it seems, who succeed in imparting a real enthusiasm for it. It is not of much use if it is regarded merely as an irksome necessity to be got over as quickly as possible. For it is not a subject that can be taught quickly in a few lessons. To be of any value it must develop an attitude of mind. This only comes from long and constant practice. It is a training that must be both constructive and analytical, and if rightly taught, it will often be found that it has the power of bringing the minds of teachers and pupils into more intimate contact than any other branch of study.

Teachers of this type are rare, and even when their pupils achieve distinction, their names are seldom known to the outside world. But they are remembered with love

and gratitude not only by the one or two who attain fame, but by many who, without possessing the natural ability to develop their principles to the fullest extent, have yet found them to be of perpetual vitality within the compass of humbler spheres. Their gentle and steady flame may cast no brilliant beam, but many torches can be kindled at it.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

THE final week of the Promenade Concerts provided few novelties. A "Heroic Overture" by Montague Phillips was an extremely well-groomed work on conventional lines. Its heroism is never pretentious, but has a very pleasant sense of humour, though the second subject is inclined to be sentimental, a defect which becomes still more obvious when it reappears with ampler contours in the second half of the work.

A "Children's March" by Percy Grainger has the same rhythmical energy that has popularized his "Mock Morris" and other works. It is not very happily proportioned in its grouping of keys, but is very cleverly and effectively orchestrated for wind and percussion instruments.

"Cordoba," by Albeniz, was disappointing. It is too obviously a pianoforte piece in conception and transcription, for the orchestra only draws attention to the poor quality of its material.

On October 22 we had a hearing of part of Widor's Fifth Organ Symphony (so called) arranged for organ and orchestra. Some of it comes very near being music, although the Toccata is tedious. But the organ-orchestra combination is as ineffective as usual: if Sir Henry wants to give Mr. Kiddle a fling on the organ now and again, why not let him play the work in its original form as an organ solo? As for "Le Chasseur Maudit," revived the same evening, one is glad to have heard it once, but hopes not to do so again. Franck's periodical excursions into the demonic are very curious: he had not really the slightest aptitude for that kind of thing.

Another disappointment was the "Rhapsodie Viennoise" of Florent Schmitt, played at the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert on Saturday. Its waltz themes recall a Vienna that seems now as dead as Versailles. A delicate and graceful handling of them might have made a successful appeal to the sentimental, but treated as they were with noisy and garish brilliance they were more suggestive of the vulgarity of Richard Strauss. The dry, sparkling style of Casella's suite "Le Couvent sur l'Eau" was much more attractive, and made one keenly curious to see the ballet from which it is made up.

Mr. Lloyd Powell is a clever young pianist who had the sense to put some Couperin into his programme, and played him very well, although he made him sound a trifle too like Domenico Scarlatti at times. We liked his Chopin playing less; there was just a suspicion of the healthy British element about it, and Chopin is the one composer of all to whom this is immediately fatal.

We were glad to welcome Mr. Brabazon Lowther back after many years and to find that, despite an occasional huskiness, his essential powers are unimpaired, his attention to diction and finish of detail being as scrupulous as ever. Following the fashion, he took us the long, long trail from Carissimi to "Histoires Naturelles" at a single sitting. His next recital is being devoted largely to English song, of which he could have made a better selection than he has.

The fourth of Mr. Bliss's Sunday Concerts at Hammersmith, given on October 26, might best be termed an orchestral chamber concert, a small orchestra having been got together for performances of Haydn's G major Symphony (B. and H., no. 13), Bantock's arrangement of some old English virginal pieces, and the Siegfried Idyll, under the direction of Mr. Bliss. Mr. Bliss conducted in a way that suggested he could do a good deal more in this line if he cared to develop his talents. The small roughnesses and inequalities incidental to a performance of this kind were very skilfully glossed over, and the Siegfried Idyll under him sounded less disjointed than it often does under conductors of greater eminence.

Drama

EURIPIDES AT THE OLD VIC

THE spirited management of the Old Vic have lately been varying their repertory of Shakespeare and Grand Opera by a series of afternoon performances of Professor Murray's version of the "Troades"—the last of them on Tuesday, November 4. It was a remarkable thing last week to see the crowds of persons in the Waterloo Road trying to force their way into the overflowing theatre, and the patient attention with which the audience sat through the two continuous hours of the performance. The sceptic may feel impelled to put everything down to Miss Sybil Thorndike, to the war, to intellectual snobbery, to Professor Gilbert Murray; but charity reserves a place in the list for Euripides, the *cachet* of whose name was essential for carrying the thing through.

The difficulties which must be met by anyone who tries to produce a Greek tragedy on the modern stage can hardly be exaggerated. The Greek theatrical conventions were so immensely different from ours, and moreover so little is known as to their details, that in the process of translation out of one set of conventions into the other the original work of art is almost certain to disappear. The complete loss of every record of the music and dances, which were essential factors in the total effect, throws the play utterly off its original balance. And though the immediate results of this loss might be thought to concern mainly the choruses, even this qualification is not to be trusted, for there seems no doubt that the actors danced as well, at least in the non-iambic passages. This truncated character of the Greek tragedies—the fact that they are librettos—does not, of course, interfere with our power of appreciating them as poetry and, in an abstract way, as drama. But it means that only by resolutely adopting the modern and entirely misleading prejudice against the importance of the music and choreography can we frame any conception of the sort of æsthetic effect produced by the Greek tragedies on their original spectators and attempt to recreate it in our own theatres. It is moreover easier to persuade ourselves of the truth of our prejudice in the case of some plays (such as the "Œdipus Rex" or the "Medea") in which the interest appears to be essentially "dramatic" and in which the chorus take no direct share in the action. The greater part of such plays could be performed without any obvious absurdity according to the conventions of modern verse-drama; and the producer's crucial difficulties would at all events be definitely segregated in the set choruses, which might even, if he were a desperado, in the last resort be suppressed. But there are other classes of plays which are not susceptible to such comparatively simple treatment—plays, for instance, in which the chorus is itself an agent in the development, or in which the lyrical element is greatly emphasized at the expense of the dramatic. Either of these characteristics would make it impossible to slur over the importance of the missing music and choreography, and so would offer the maximum of difficulty to the modern producer; and the "Troades" possesses both of them. In plays of this sort, too, we are a hundred times more at the mercy of the translator. A prose translation of the "Philoctetes," for instance, would at all events preserve for us those tremendous qualities of the play which depend on character and "conflict"; and even a verse translation could only to some extent succeed in blurring the effect. But in the "Troades," which appears to be entirely undramatic and which relies for its success, one supposes,

on its atmosphere and its poetry, nothing can protect us from a translator's profound sympathy with the poet's heart and exquisite sense of the beauty of his language. Professor Murray, as we know, has both of these. In his printed volume he makes them unmistakably clear by a profusion of dots and capital letters and stage directions; and if these particular manifestations of his comprehension must necessarily be omitted in an actual performance, there remain enough white souls, and dear proud lips, and God's high altar-stairs to remove all doubts on the subject. All this may be very lovely in itself, and may even from its undeniable unity of tinge be of some help to the producer, but it seems to abolish Euripides with a facile remorselessness which the stumbling efforts of a scholastic pedant could never have achieved. Mr. Way's version, for instance, is so obviously impossible that the reader's mind is compelled to hypothecate some reality lying behind it; while Professor Murray's, standing on its own legs and leading a broad-church, sub-Swinburnian life of its own, causes the unwary to identify the poet with his translator.

Mr. Lewis Casson in the production at the Old Vic has made scarcely any fight against the difficulties which he so rashly incurred. He resigned himself to the usual chorus of six ladies, grouped in careful Royal Academy poses, moving in well-rehearsed Dalcroze rhythms, beating their breasts with correct Delsarte expressiveness. This one can tolerate even though one regrets it. What is insupportable is the process, best described as "chanting," into which Mr. Casson allowed not only the chorus but even the actors occasionally to drop. Surely the performers must either sing or speak; and if they sing, surely a competent musician must be hired to write the notes for them. There can be no defence for a producer who encourages an actress to begin her speech in a talking voice, and gradually to wander off either into a haphazard monotone of her own improvising or into a droning tune apparently designed by an inept amateur with a taste for folk-songs. And it is important to recognize that it is precisely such failures as this in taste and intelligence that discourage everyone but cranks and hypocrites from ever going to see a serious play.

The situation in the present instance, however, was saved by Miss Sybil Thorndike, upon whom as Hecuba the chief responsibility rested. Her audibility, her comparative freedom from the drones, and her complete competence, made it always possible to attend to her, and so tied the whole performance together. Her acting belongs, of course, to the regular old-fashioned stage school, but a certain amount of real feeling was perceptible behind her mannerisms and distinguished her agreeably from some of the other performers, whose falsity gave one an acute sense of embarrassment in the more searching moments of the play. But no doubt the real triumph was Professor Murray's. It was he who made us reflect as we walked out again into the Waterloo Road upon the spiritual power of suffering, upon the League of Nations, upon the greatness of Liberal principles . . . "How wonderfully *modern* Euripides is, dear!"

J. S.

THE Committee of the Phoenix, the new society formed for the presentation of Elizabethan and Restoration plays, announce that their first production will be Webster's tragedy "The Duchess of Malfi," which it is intended to give on the 23rd and 24th of November, Sunday evening and Monday afternoon. The play will be presented in a setting by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, of Four Oaks, which has been specially designed to allow that rapid presentation which plays of the Elizabethan era demand. Application forms for membership may be obtained from the secretary, at the society's address, 36, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Communications

THE INSTRUMENTS OF CRITICISM: EXPRESSION

CRITICISM, which is the study of the aims and methods of literature and art in general, has not as yet turned with concentrated energy to the study of its own aims and its own methods. The omission is natural but unfortunate. Natural, because such considerations are properly the concern of the philosophers. All through, critics have had to beg, or, more often, to steal, their tools, the notions with which they work, from the workshops of philosophy. Unfortunate, because tools so acquired are easily misused. Criticism has always suffered, and suffers more than ever, from misuse of its principal instruments. Instances in even the best available criticism are not hard to find. In some cases the usage is so far sanctioned by custom that no experienced reader is in doubt as to what is meant. In these cases the usage does perform the fundamental function of speech: it does say something. But it is precisely these cases which are the most unfortunate.

Consider the following, chosen for no peculiarities, but as a typical specimen of a usage to which most critics will confess. Of a poem by Mr. Lawrence (*ATHENÆUM*, August 22, p. 784):

Here, we feel, is a poem which has a real reason for its existence: a compelling emotion has demanded expression, and in these twelve lines has received the poetical embodiment inevitably reserved for it.

We all know what these remarks convey; something which in this case we may be eager to maintain is true and important, namely, that the poem in question is a good poem. We all can see if we will look that this is not what upon their face value they should convey. Hold them to their literal sense and they become confused mythology; the first remark combines, blurring them both, the different notions of causation and justification—a confusion not peculiar to criticism—the two, if distinguished, are supposed to go together; the speculative, tentative, the necessarily dubious account of how the poem came to be what it is is supposed to explain why, being what it is, it is good. Most people hold that there is some connection, but to trace a connection between two things it is indispensable that you should be able to distinguish them. In the amplification which follows this confusion is worse confounded by the occurrence of the word "expression," always a danger signal. The poem is suggested to be a kind of residuary and permanent analogue to the flood of tears which in this compound usage (where "expression of" = "result of + sign of + sympathetic arouser of") is the typical expression of emotion. The complexity of the analysis required brings out the point. No critic as such, however acute, however brilliant, however sound a critic he may be, is prepared to analyse out the causal, the signficatory, the revelatory and the symbolic elements contained in different proportions and degrees in the six or eight current usages of "expression." It is a tedious and not an easy task. Compare the senses in which a smile may be the expression of pleasure—*noticing the total change in the causal elements included as the smile is spontaneous or calculated; a plan or a building, the expression of a purpose; a novel, the expression of life; a poem, the expression of a meaning or a truth; a = b, the expression of a mathematical relation.* These are merely a few of the more salient steps; you may bridge the wide gap between a dog howling at the moon and Newton formulating his Laws with instances as closely graduated as you please, and all for current criticism would be cases of expression. What then can be done? The best suggestion would seem to be that the term be banished altogether from considered criticism, or retained only under the heaviest suspicion. The causal elements in its meanings may be stated in causal forms; for the other elements there are the terms "to convey," "to suggest," "to reveal," "to present," "to mean," "to mediate," and many others, some however tainted with the same ambiguities. "Expression" stands for no notion which cannot be more clearly, if less concisely, displayed by other means. But conciseness is as often a vice as a virtue.

It will perhaps now be plain, in this case, why the accepted usage of criticism is unfortunate. It is the acceptance which is most unfortunate. For this complex bundle of notions, habitually employed for the roughest purposes, contains many of the most delicate and most indispensable of critical instruments. It is regrettable that the great influence of Croce in recent years has been, in this country at least, all in favour of this abuse. With rare exceptions those who undergo his influence tender only a partial submission. The Philosophy of the Spirit as a whole, as seen, for instance, in his "Logic," leaves them unconvinced; but all the more readily they give to the central tenet of his "Æsthetic," the tenet that "Art is Expression," independently interpreted in a fashion to which Croce would object as vigorously as any of his opponents, an acceptance which is disastrous in its consequences. A reader of Croce has his choice. He may—it depends upon temperament, not upon logic, because it is a question of a choice between logics—choose to follow Croce, but if so he ought to know what he is doing. Croce is far too careful a philosopher for his readers to be able to pick and choose between the parts of his doctrine. You cannot adopt his Æsthetic by itself and handle it by the aid of a "common-sense" logic with the usual distinctions without results abhorrent alike to Croce and to Jevons. But this is what for the most part has happened. The critical world is filled with exoteric disciples of Croce, and their doctrine, like most exoteric doctrine, is merely so much confusion to be cleared away.

The further analysis of this intricate collection of relations commonly compressed at haphazard within the term "expression" is the most urgent of all the tasks of speculative criticism. All the chief problems, of the origins and determinants of works of art, of their functions, their methods and their ends; the meaning for art of unity, universality and objectivity; even the definition of the term "æsthetic," which so far, strangely enough, has received no definition which has any reference to any "æsthetic" problem—all wait upon this analysis. But so long as "expression" continues to be used in exactly the same way as the old-fashioned medical practitioner's "blunderbuss mixture"—these problems will remain, so far as general criticism is concerned, unexplored, and the new powers and assurances which result from their exploration will remain unknown.

We must expect opposition to this abandonment of what is from a writer's point of view so useful a term. Whatever it may be which is to be said, the term "expression," if given a chance, will appear to say it. Actually, as is always the case with high-powered ambiguities, nothing is said. More than three meanings together form no meaning. But when the intended meaning is difficult to single out without error, we are all glad to turn on a word which like "expression" sprays out (expresses) such a wealth of meanings that the odds are great that the one we intend will be among them.

IVOR RICHARDS.

Correspondence

ART AND INDUSTRY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The leading article in your issue of October 10 achieves an air of plain common-sense by the easy method of begging the questions with which it deals.

The furnishing of the Hut on the Horse Guards Parade (for which we were responsible) is not a "contribution to the artistic regeneration of the working classes," nor was any such claim ever made for it. Probably the out-of-work railwayman, before proposing to himself the purchase of a hut-full of furniture, would consider the cost of the Hut itself and of its erection; had the writer of your article done so, he would have realized that his rhetoric is not to the point!

Again, why drag in Art? If the furniture in question has any artistic merit, it is due only to the leaving out of superfluities; the designers were concerned less with æsthetics than with the complicated and difficult problem of cheap production in a time of enormous manufacturing costs. The writer of your article scores his points by ignoring this

problem; therefore, to those who are in the thick of it, his opinion as to the success or failure of their efforts is of little value.

It is easy to make play with the figure £350, but let it be remembered that this represents (on an average) £150 in pre-war currency; it represents much less for the purchase of furniture, whereof the cost of production has trebled, chiefly on account of the world-wide shortage of timber. It is likely to be a generation, at least, before this shortage can be made good.

Furthermore, the estimate is not, as the article states, "for the furniture alone," but includes bedding, floor coverings for the entire house, china for a fair-sized household, curtains, tablecloths, pictures, and so forth.

Doubtless the last word in cheap but honestly made furniture has yet to be said, but if the writer of your article will take the trouble to compare the prices of the furniture at which he scoffs with the cheapest and nastiest furniture that is commonly sold to the poorer classes, he will see that his argument needs a good deal of revision. He would find it an instructive exercise to try how far £350 would go towards the complete furnishing of a house of the same size as the Hut, with carte blanche to do it as shoddily as he thinks necessary.

It is idle to demand two-rooms-and-a-kitchen-full at £25, when the cost of the cheapest raw material alone is greater than this, when wages are more than doubled, and when all the other expenses of manufacture have advanced in proportion.

Constructive criticism is acceptable to every reasonable man who has a problem to solve, but to be constructive it must at least be based upon a recognition of existing acts.

We are, Sir,

Your obedient servants,

HEAL & SON, LTD.
(AMBROSE HEAL).

[Mr. Heal says that we scoffed at his furnishing of the Horse Guards Hut. We did not. On the contrary, we admired it. We said that the price of it was prohibitive for the people to whom it was intended to appeal. The fact that £350 now is equal to only £150 before the war does not alter the other fact that £350 is as impossible a price now as it was then.

Mr. Heal considers our criticism merely destructive. We consider it fundamental and necessary. It is he who—no doubt unconsciously—shirks the real problem, which is how to make good furniture no dearer than ugly. If the Hut and its furniture were not meant to be "a contribution to the artistic regeneration of the working classes," why are they exhibited by the Government on the Horse Guards Parade? Was it merely to show the upper middle classes how they can obtain a charming week-end cottage for £600?

Further, Mr. Heal forgets that our article was primarily a criticism of a pamphlet issued by the Government. We mentioned the Horse Guards Hut as a concrete example of the disingenuousness of such propaganda. If Mr. Heal assures us that it is utterly impossible to furnish a six-roomed hut simply and decently on less than £350, we accept his expert opinion, and conclude that propaganda of the kind we criticized is even more futile than even we had believed. But we are very anxious to have a definite statement from him to that effect before we resign ourselves to a lifetime of increasing hideousness.

Until we have such a statement we shall continue to be vexed by a simple question. Why cannot cheap and decent furniture be produced at approximately the same price as the cheap and nasty? It is not that the material of the ordinary cheap furniture is shoddy; it lasts, alas! too long. Yet the other day we saw complete furniture for a six-roomed flat advertised at £150. What is the reason for the tremendous discrepancy?

Finally, Mr. Heal asks, "Why drag in Art?" We suggest that he has forgotten the title and main subject of our article. And surely Mr. Heal does not need to hear from us that a simple and decently designed piece of deal furniture is a work of art. Or can it be that he too, like the author of "Art and Industry," believes that "Art" is a mysterious, adventitious spirit which comes in to vitalize the dullness of the well-made, well-designed article of use?]

MR. POUND AND HIS POETRY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—

"Mollia, Pegasides, date vestro sertā." Still struggling beneath the enormous weight of granite laurels wherewith the immortal author of "Sweeney among the Nightingales" has so generously loaded my superstructure (ATHENÆUM, October 24, p. 1065); still puzzled to know—as perhaps the reader is also—whether T. S. E. has or has not found my "Homage to Propertius" enjoyable; I must protest two points: the first, in contradiction to the *universitaire* tendency, before noted in T. S. E.'s article on Hamlet, where, as in his later note, he seems to regard literature not as something in itself enjoyable, having tang, gusto, aroma; but rather as something which, possibly because of a non-conformist conscience, one *ought* to enjoy because it is literature (infamous doctrine); secondly, I am most decidedly indebted, if not to the Chinese, at any rate to Ernest Fenollosa's profound insight into the Chinese written character as a poetic medium. This debt is so great that I would not have it lightly forgotten.

"Il n'y a pas jusqu'à l'impuissance de votre grand-oncle, ou jusqu'à la coquetterie de votre grand'tante, qui ne vous soient nécessaires." If I may trespass on that fine dialogue, I should not forget Mori who taught Fenollosa to find more in the ideograph than is to be found in the dictionary, and, ultimately, both of us to see that an English which suits Rihaku is inadequate for the so different Omakitsu.

Respectfully yours,

EZRA POUND.

"LE LATIN MYSTIQUE"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Raby (October 17, p. 1043) reminds me of the botanist encountered by Taine in the Pyrenees. The great man was angry to discover that Taine had gone there, not to collect plants, but only to enjoy the scenery.

Mr. Raby is under the impression that people read "Le Latin Mystique" to learn about the authors of, and not to enjoy, the poems. Mr. Raby refers us to the 53 volumes of "Analecta Hymnica." Well, to borrow a phrase of Macaulay, this might have been considered light reading before the Flood, but now—

The reference to des Esseintes scarcely seems apropos to the subject under discussion.

But perhaps the best answer to Mr. Raby's criticism is that given by M. de Gourmont in his book:

"Mais si ce n'était pas lui qui écrivit les vers transmis sous son nom, ils sont tout imprégnés de son esprit, de sa doctrine, et de son amour. Qu'importent ces attributions toujours suspectes au moyen âge? Ce sont les œuvres et un état d'esprit que l'on étudie bien plus que les individus" (XIII., S. Bernard, etc.).

Yours faithfully, F. LEONARD.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY GRANT

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—May I, through the columns of THE ATHENÆUM, draw attention to a Government economy which is anything but politic?

Many years ago, when pictures were cheaper, and money was dearer, the National Gallery received a grant of £5,000. Now, when pictures are even so much dearer, and the purchasing power of money has depreciated so considerably, it still receives £5,000. It is an unfortunate situation, especially at a time when pictures of importance are changing hands so quickly, for it means that the Gallery is unable to take advantage of the times to complete its collections.

The present time is certainly a bad one for asking for money, even for needs as urgent as those of the Gallery are apt to be. On the other hand, it is hardly fair to the Trustees of the National Gallery that while other people's incomes are being raised to meet the great change in values, their case should be ignored. What the National Gallery requires to keep it going as the most go-ahead national gallery in Europe is such a drop in the ocean of national expenditure that surely the Government can see its way to raise the grant. It is false economy to starve the soul.

Yours, etc.

J. L. R.

Foreign Literature

LETTERS FROM HOLLAND

III. LOUIS COUPERUS

ON the 10th of June, 1913, Louis Couperus celebrated his fiftieth birthday, an event which awakened singular interest throughout the country. He is thus nearer sixty than fifty to-day, but his work can in no sense be regarded as complete; for with rare vigour and power he continues to delight us with book after book. Nevertheless, although his many-sided talent may still have surprises in store for us, it is possible to give some account of the very extensive work which he has already produced. English readers are moreover already in possession of an introduction to the subject in that a certain number of his books have been translated into English, and are thus evidence for or against our comments. Mr. B. S. Berrington translated Couperus's "Psyche" in 1908, and Mr. Teixeira de Mattos has translated "Extaze" ("Ecstasy"), "Majesteit" ("Majesty"), the extensive cycle of "De Boeken der Kleine Zielen" ("The Books of the Small Souls"), and "Van Oude Menschen: de Dingen die Voorbijaan" ("Old People: the Things that Pass").

Louis Couperus is a member of a family which has a place in the distinguished circles of our society, and which has filled important administrative posts in our colonies. He was born in the Hague when his father—who was a judicial officer in the East Indies—was home on leave. In his ninth year he accompanied his family to India, where he remained five years before he returned to Europe for good—unless we except a pleasure trip of a year's duration which he made in later life to the land of his youthful recollections.

He always wished to be a writer. At first, in order to anchor his aspirations in some way to the social order, he qualified—in accordance with his parents' wishes—for a degree in Dutch language and literature. But he never "used" this degree.

His first work—like that of the majority of young writers—consisted of verses. I believe that the author himself has still a certain weakness for this youthful work, but although it is to an extent characteristic of certain qualities of his style, it is so completely overshadowed by his later prose that we are not justified in dwelling upon it in this short review.

To the prose therefore. This comprises more than sixty volumes, and I will attempt to treat them in groups rather than to mention each individual book and dismiss it with a summary epithet.

The first book which he published—after a few collections of poems which included some prose sketches—was the novel "Eline Vere." It is the tragedy of a young girl belonging to the aristocracy of the Hague (circles well known to the author) who is ruined by her own enervation. The book, which first appeared in the Hague newspaper *Het Vaderland*, was widely criticized and widely read. It is now in its eighth edition. It revealed without doubt a writer of personality and original talent. It was the period of naturalism, and the work certainly belongs to this *genre* by reason of its psychological method. But it had definite differentiating features. It was remarkable first for the distinguished circles in which the scene is laid, and for the youthful writer's extremely refined, clear style, which was at once precious and restrained. The stylistic qualities of the book were so striking that it won warm praise even from—in æsthetic matters—so revolutionary an organ as the *Nieuwe Gids*, which had rejected Couperus's verses as too affected. "Noodlot" ("Destiny"), "Extaze" and other works

followed in the same stream of development, which culminated and ended with the monumental cycle consisting of four novels, each in two parts, with the generic title "De Boeken der Kleine Zielen." These books give a detailed study with tragic significance of the disruption and ruin of an entire family.

Meanwhile Couperus's desire to free himself from the narrow world which he felt around him found other means of expression. He had travelled and produced a collection of travel sketches; and he had transported himself in imagination to more exalted and fantastic scenes. His novels "Majesteit" ("Majesty"), "Wereldvrede" ("World-Peace") and "Hooge Troeven" ("High Trumps") are cast in an imaginary court which in many respects suggests Russia. They are not among Couperus's best works; the young author had not yet sufficient knowledge of men and the world, and not yet sufficient power to enable him to give in this manner a lofty symbolic picture of the troubled spirit of the times. He was more successful in his subtly fantastic tales "Psyche," "De Dolingen der Ziel" ("The Errors of the Soul"), "Fidessa" and "Babel," which were remarkable for his ability to suggest delicately the most subtle spheres of life. This gift is further exemplified in several peculiar novels such as "Over Lichtende Drempels" ("Beyond Shining Thresholds"), which transports us to extra-terrestrial and dream spheres. This delicate power rises to greatness in the cosmic work entitled "God en Goden" ("God and Gods").

While these works were being produced Couperus found a certain measure of response to his searching and turbulent desires in the Southern sun of Italy. Italy, he felt, was the fatherland of his soul. Here his nostalgia was satisfied, and more completely by the dreams of ancient beauty which floated in the air than by the Italy of to-day. As a child—as he tells us later in one of his charming autobiographical sketches—stories of antiquity and the gods of antiquity made a strange and surprising impression upon him; it was as though he recognized the scene and the faith of a former life. There, in the sunny South, Couperus wrote a series of works which revealed entirely new aspects of his genius, although one can still see the connection with his earlier books. "Langs Lijnen van Geleidelijkheid" ("Along Lines of Regularity"), published in 1900, and "Aan den Weg der Vreugde" ("On the Path to Pleasure") are still in essence psychological novels. They merely happen to be set in Italy, and reflect Italian atmosphere and psychology, just as "De Stille Kracht" ("The Silent Power") and "Van Oude Menschen: de Dingen die Voorbijaan," reflect the life and atmosphere of India. But we get more in "De Berg van Licht" ("The Mountain of Light"), which evokes in clear radiance and sultry majesty the Rome of the Empire, and in "Antiek Toerisme" ("The Tourist of Antiquity"), which pictures a Roman patrician who endeavours to still the restlessness and pain of a broken heart by a journey to the wonderland of Egypt. There is more also in "De Komediante" ("The Mummies"), dealing with a theatrical company in ancient Rome, and in the admirable short stories which Couperus collected under the title of "Antieke Verhalen van Goden en Keizers, van Dichters en Hetaeren" ("Ancient Tales of Gods and Emperors, Poets and Harlots"); and the works mentioned form only a part of his output in this vein.

But the strong swell of his love for the heart of antiquity, his meditative and imaginative self-absorption in the highest beauty of the time, found imaginative and concrete expression in his idyllic-mythological works "Dionysos" and "Herakles." In the latter he relates without redundant detail the twelve labours of the very human hero. Again in the "Verliefde Ezel"

("The Enamoured Donkey") we have a myth and an idyll full of the springtime of humanity, surrounded by a magic bloom of light, described with a childlike joyous precision, as though the scene were cast in a world existing before the author's eyes.

Couperus's work is so extensive that it is almost impossible in a restricted space not to lose oneself in a catalogue of his achievements. I have still said nothing of the score of collections of fine short sketches "Over Mijzelf en Anderen" ("About Myself and Others"), the major part of which were written after the great war forced the author to return to his native land. They are full of a charming self-irony and of clever characterization. I have said nothing of his sensitive sketches of ancient art which appeared in the collections "Van Blanke Steden onder Blauwe Lucht" ("White Cities beneath a Blue Sky"), nor of his translations (Flaubert's "Temptation of St. Anthony" and Plautus's "Menæchmi"), nor of the curious autobiography of his earlier years, "Metamorfoze," nor of his Moorish novel "De Ongelukkige" ("The Unfortunates"). I must be content with the foregoing attempt to give a short account of his talent.

This greatest of our modern authors, elegant in appearance and in his writing, stands alone in a union of refinement and supple vigorous strength. He has shown himself a literary aristocrat in the best sense of the word.

J. L. WALCH.

A VEHEMENT REACTIONARY

LE NOMBRE ET L'OPINION PUBLIQUE. Par Georges Deherme (Paris, Grasset. 4fr. 55.)

M. GEORGES DEHERME is much distressed at France's return to something resembling pre-war conditions. He noted with delight that the war had destroyed all the nonsense called democracy. When the enemy tramped over the soil of France, Liberté, Egalité and Fraternité were thrust aside in favour of "silence, discipline, censorship, military dictatorship, and order." Under the admirable military system where "all were really free," France rose Phoenix-wise from the ashes of the Revolution. But alas! groans M. Deherme, only for a moment. From this high standard she is now relapsing into such turpitudes as Party Politics and Parliamentary Control! Once more the air rings with such degenerate slogans as Government by the People and the Freedom of the Press! Once more, the hated Radical Socialists raise their sinister heads! M. Deherme feels it his duty to expose the whole inanity and corruption of Parliamentary Government, Universal Suffrage and the rest of the fatal doctrines; and he has carried out his attack with gusto. It would be impertinence on the part of a foreigner to dispute the accuracy of his charges of corruption in French Politics and the French Press. But we suspect that there is another and more representative side to the picture.

It is not quite clear what this bitter assailant of the present system proposes to put in its place. He will not allow the masses to govern. He is categorical on the point. But if they are good and quiet they may constitute Public Opinion and thus exercise, not a base material, but a nobler and more spiritual control. They are apparently to be governed by some strong central body, and there is no doubt that something on the model of the old Prussian monarchical system would appeal strongly to M. Deherme.

There are possibly some well-off old gentlemen in London and Paris who will applaud this vehement book. For ourselves, it seems but the rattling of obsolete armour.

THE twenty-fifth annual dinner in aid of the Printers' Readers' Pension Fund will be held at the Cannon Street Hotel on Saturday, November 1, with Sir George Riddell in the chair. We warmly commend this fund to the attention and interest of our readers. Since its foundation THE ATHENÆUM has done its utmost to support the benevolent institutions connected with the printing trade, and it has had the prosperity of the Readers' Pension Fund particularly at heart.

PARODIES

LE COPISTE INDISCRET. Par Jean Pellerin. (Paris, Albin Michel 4fr. 50.)

PASTICHES ET MÉLANGES. Par Marcel Proust. (Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française. 5fr. 25.)

HOWEVER fine may be the meshes of his analytical sieve, however subtle and microscopic his anatomy of the work of art, something must always escape the critic. Life slips between his fingers; he has to kill in the process of dissection. There is only one method by which the life of the work of art can be transferred into the work of criticism, can be judged without being destroyed in the process. In parody the work of art is made to criticize itself; the criticism remains on the same plane as the object criticized. Imagination is not interpreted in terms of the intellect, but in terms of itself.

How many pages of analytical criticism these few lines from M. Pellerin's parody of the "Légende des Siècles" resume! And how much more they express!

Et toi, Sforza, bandit atroce qui me railles,
Qui dis la messe au diable avec la crosse au poing
Et fais manger l'hostie à ton hideux sagouin,
Sacrilège, menteur, monstre abject d'imposture,
Dont l'Arétin lui-même a blâmé la luxure . . . etc., etc.

We cannot resist quoting one more superb couplet from M. Pellerin's Hugo:

Et le tchequo-slovaque, abominé, honni,
Coupe aux champs piémontais notre macaroni.

M. Pellerin never comes up to this level again. Hugo seems to be the only author he has taken sufficiently seriously to parody really well. He stumbles into that easy and dangerous pitfall, vulgarity, making cheap fun of his subjects, where he should be making the subtlest of criticisms. His Claudel, his Henri de Régnier, his Arthur Rimbaud, his Francis Carco are deplorable. He has even dared, what the authors of "A la manière de . . ." did not dare, to parody Anatole France. "Le Buste en Carton-pâte" is not a wholly successful parody. It hits off the obvious mannerisms of M. France's style, but it does not do anything to reveal the secret of his greatness. One laughs as one reads it, but one is none the wiser.

It is a surprise to find M. Proust among the parodists, for he is a writer of such individuality, so exquisitely original in his thought and style, that one would hardly believe him capable of being anything but himself. This passage from his "Journal des Goncourt" will show how far we were wrong; for M. Proust is one of the most penetrating of parodists:

Dans l'escalier je rencontre le nouveau ministre du Japon qui de son air un tantinet avoronné et *décadent*, air le faisant ressembler au samourai tenant, sur mon paravent de Coromandel, les deux pinces d'une écrivisse, me dit gracieusement avoir été longtemps en mission chez les Honolulu où la lecture de nos livres, à mon frère et à moi, serait la seule chose capable d'arracher les indigènes aux plaisirs du caviar, lecture se prolongeant très avant dans la nuit, d'une seule traite, aux intermèdes consistant seulement dans le chiquage de quelques cigares du pays enfermés dans de longs étuis de verre, étuis destinés à les protéger pendant la traversée contre une certaine maladie que leur donne la mer.

Comment is superfluous, would blunt the fineness of this complete criticism, as man and as author, of Edmond de Goncourt. M. Proust has done as well with Saint-Simon and Renan, very nearly as well with Balzac and Michelet. We have rarely read a series of more illuminating criticisms.

SIR HENRY ALEXANDER MIERS, D.Sc., F.R.S., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Manchester, has been appointed by an Order of Council dated October 16, 1919, to be a member of the Advisory Council to the Committee of the Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

By an unfortunate slip, it was said in the review of Mr. Rudmose-Brown's book on Spitsbergen (ATHENÆUM, October 24, p. 1064), that the survey of Prince Charles Foreland is probably the most complete ever carried out in the Antarctic. It should, of course, be Arctic.

LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV

Translated by S. KOTELIANSKY and KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

XIII.

TO A. S. SOUVORIN (*continued*).*

NOT to tire you out completely, I shall pass to Dr. Lvov. He is a typical honest, direct, ardent, but narrow, inelastic man. Clever men say of him "He is stupid, but a decent creature." Anything like breadth of outlook or directness of feeling is alien to Lvov. He is *cliché* incarnate, a walking opinionist. He peers, through his tight frame, at each phenomenon and person, and has a preconceived verdict on everything. The man who shouts: "Give way to honest labour!" for him he has a religious regard; the man who does not shout that is a scoundrel and blood-sucker. There can be no half-way house. He has been reared on Mihailov's novels (a sentimental, Radical novelist); on the stage he has seen new types, capitalists, *i.e.*, misers, sons of this generation, who are described by the modern playwrights. And all this he regards as a portent, and such a portent that when reading "Rudin" he invariably asks himself: "Is Rudin a scoundrel or not?" Literature and the theatre have trained him in such a way that he approaches any person in life and literature with that question. If he were to see your play, he would impute to you as a crime that you did not state definitely whether or no the characters are scoundrels. For him that is the important question. It is not enough that all men are frail. Give him saints or scoundrels!

Arrived in the country, he is already prejudiced. In all well-to-do peasants he immediately sees misers, and in the incomprehensible to him—Ivanov—he sees, at once, a scoundrel. The man's wife is ill, and off he goes to visit a rich neighbour. Isn't he a scoundrel? He is evidently killing his wife so as to marry a rich woman.

Lvov is honest, direct, and plain-spoken. If necessary, he will throw a bomb under a carriage, punch the medical inspector on the jaw, and hurl the name of scoundrel at anyone. He will stop at nothing. Pangs of conscience he never feels. That is why as an "honest worker" he is out to punish the "dark forces." Such men are needed, and in most cases are likeable. To caricature them, even in the interests of the theatre, is dishonest, nor is it needed. True, a caricature is sharper and therefore more easy to understand, but it is better to leave undone than to put the paint on too thickly.

Now about the women. What do they love him for? Sarah loves Ivanov because he is a charming man—ardent, brilliant, and speaking with the same fire as Lvov (Act I., Scene VII.). While he is exciting and interesting she loves him; but when he begins to grow less clear to her and to lose his definiteness she understands him no longer, and at the end of the third act she speaks her mind, frankly and sharply.

Sasha is a girl of the latest "school." She is educated, intelligent, honest, etc. Where there are no fish a crab may pass as one, and therefore she singles out Ivanov. He is better than the others. She has known him since her childhood, and during his active period she kept a close watch on him. He is a friend of her father's. She is one of those females whom males conquer, not by bright plumage, or brilliance, or courage, but by their woes, lamentations and failures. She is a woman who loves men at the hour of their downfall. As soon as Ivanov loses his courage she is ready for him. It is the moment for which she has waited. She will raise up the fallen one, set him on his legs and give him

happiness. It is the task that she loves, not Ivanov. Daudet's Argenton says: "Life is not a novel." But Sasha does not see that. She does not know that, for Ivanov, love is only one more unnecessary complications one more stab in the back. And—well? Sasha struggles with Ivanov for a whole year, and far from rising up, he sinks lower and lower.

My fingers ache, I am nearly done. If all this is not in the play, then there can be no question of producing it. It means that I have failed to write as I wished. Get the play back. I don't want to preach heresy from the stage. If the public leave feeling in the theatre that Ivanovs are scoundrels and Lvovs are great men, then I must tender my resignation and throw my pen to the devil. Corrections and additions are of no use. No corrections can bring a great man down from his pedestal, and no interpolations can turn a scoundrel into an ordinary frail mortal. Sasha might appear at the end of the play, but to Ivanov and Lvov I can add nothing. I cannot. If I were to, I feel that I should spoil it still more. Do believe me; after all, I am the author.

I apologize to Potyehin and Yourkovsky (producer and manager) for troubling them in vain. May they forgive me! Frankly speaking, it was not fame that tempted me nor Savina [a famous actress]. But I reckoned to make a profit of a thousand roubles. But I'd rather borrow that thousand roubles than risk doing a foolish thing. Do not tempt me with success. Success, if I do not die, is still ahead of me. I bet that sooner or later I'll bag six or seven thousand roubles from the management. Will you take on the bet?

On no account would I permit Kissellovsky to play the part of the count. My play caused him a great deal of vexation in Moscow. He went about everywhere complaining that he was forced to play that son of a bitch, the count. Why should I worry him again? They say it is awkward; he has already played that part. Why, then, is it right to give the part of Ivanov to Sazonov or Dalmatov when Davydov has already played it?

Ah! I've exhausted you with this letter. Stop, basta! I greet you for the New Year. Hu-r-r-ah! Lucky chap, you will have already drunk real champagne, and I vinegar and water.

My sister is ill—splitting pains, high temperature, headache, etc. The cook is the same. Both are in bed. I am afraid it is typhoid fever.

Forgive, my dear old man, this desperately long, tedious letter. I greet all your family and kiss Anna Ivanovna's hands. Keep well.

Your

A. TCHEHOV.

AN INDELICATE NOVEL

L'IRONIQUE DESTINÉE. Par Henry Rabusson. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 4 fr. 90.)—"L'Ironique Destinée" is announced as the story of a Feminist, but we cannot regard it as an important contribution to the study of Feminism or conjugal relations. The author holds that no legal or social privileges can equip woman better for the domination of men than she is already equipped by love. This may or may not be true. But the book does nothing to support the theory, because the conception of love apparently shared by the author and the characters in the story never rises above the most rudimentary physical signification of the word. There are methods of defending a theory which amount to an unconscious attack; and when, as in this case, we are offered a weak Bourget-cup flavoured with scraps of smirking double-meaning, stars and Boulevard wit, we are apt to conceive a prejudice against the vintage on the label. The whole book is, in fact, written from the standpoint of a conceited and unintuitive woman, which makes us as much out of sympathy with the author as we are with the mannequins who pass for women in the book, and the lay figures who pass for men.

* The first portion of this long letter, in which Tchekov explains the motives of the characters in "Ivanov," appeared in THE ATHENÆUM for October 24, p. 1078.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

*The **British Academy**. PROCEEDINGS, 1913-14. (For the Academy) Milford [1919]. 10 in. 552 pp. il., 40/ n. 060

Among the contents of this volume, besides the presidential addresses of Sir A. W. Ward and Lord Bryce in 1913 and 1914 respectively, are papers dealing with "Roger Bacon" (Sir J. E. Sandys); "The Rose of the Winds: The Origin and Development of the Compass-Card" (Silvanus P. Thompson); "The Present State of Mediæval Studies in Great Britain" (Professor T. F. Tout); and "Palissy, Bacon, and the Revival of Natural Science" (Sir T. Clifford Allbutt). The first Annual Philosophical Lecture (Henriette Hertz Trust), "Certitude et Vérité," by M. Emile Boutroux, also has a place in the volume.

*The **British Academy**. PROCEEDINGS, 1915-16. (For the Academy) Milford [1919]. 10 in. 614 pp. il., 40/ n. 060

The volume of "Proceedings" for 1915-16 comprises Mr. Edmund Gosse's Warton Lecture on English poetry, "Two Pioneers of Romanticism: Joseph and Thomas Warton"; the first Annual Master-Mind Lecture (Henriette Hertz Trust), "Cervantes and Shakespeare," by Professor James Fitzmaurice-Kelly; Dr. H. Bradley's paper "The Numbered Lectures in Old English Poetical MSS."; a contribution entitled "The Intermixture of Races in Asia Minor: some of its Causes and Effects," by Sir William Mitchell Ramsay; "Le Blason de la France, ou ses traits éternels dans cette guerre et dans les vieilles épopées" (the first Annual Lecture on Art in relation to Civilization, Henriette Hertz Trust), by M. Barrès; and the Shakespeare Lecture for 1915, "Shakespeare and the Italian Renaissance," by Sir Sidney Lee. There are other important communications.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Tweeddale (Violet). GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN, AND OTHER PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES. Herbert Jenkins, 1919. 7½ in. 313 pp., 7/6 n. 133.1

Mrs. Tweeddale seems to have had an entertaining life. From the age of six onwards she has been on familiar terms with the inhabitants of the "Other Side." Sometimes her visitors were alarming, sometimes they were harmless and amusing, occasionally they were useful, as when they gave her a good tip for the Cambridgeshire. Then there was that most peculiar ghostly influence, inhabiting a certain dining-room, by which she was "constantly being invited to come in and have a drink." This influence was a little disturbing until it was found to be only the ghost "of a celebrity of the half-world," who had inhabited the house in earlier days and was an incurable dipsomaniac.

200 RELIGION.

Orchard (W. E.). THE THEOLOGY OF JESUS; and other sermons. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 199 pp. por., 6/ n. 204

See review, p. 1122.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Clifford (John), and others. THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE IN THE LIGHT OF THE BROTHERHOOD IDEAL. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 64 pp. limp cl., 2/6 n. 331.8

The other writers are Mr. G. J. Wardle, Lord Leverhulme, Mr. A. Lyle Samuel Miss Maude Royden, Messrs. Frank

Hodges and J. A. Seddon, and the Rev. S. Maurice Watts. Industry in God's plan for the education of the world, industrial unity, labour ideals and their limitations, and the conflict of rights, are among the topics treated from different points of view.

Deherme (Georges). LE NOMBRE ET L'OPINION PUBLIQUE: les forces à régler. Paris, Grasset, 1919. 7½ in. 273 pp. paper, 4 fr. 55. 324.2
See notice, p. 1134.

Harrison (Austin). BEFORE AND NOW. Lane, 1919. 8 in. 281 pp., 6/6 n. 304

Some of these reprinted articles from the *English Review* are worth reading again, as the contemporary views of a very independent critic on events, policies, opinions, and manners during the war. Mr. Harrison claims to be one of the prophetic, and blames our rulers for never grasping "the full significance of King Edward's policy which led to the Entente, or the responsibility which inevitably such an association in the prevailing conditions of armed peace implied." This is not a faultless sentence; and it is a pity Mr. Harrison fails to grasp the editorial responsibility not to write such "English" as "From every French soldier there irradiates the sense of a national glory," or "To-day their madness lies at the article of death."

Liverpool University. CALENDAR, 1919-20. Liverpool, Univ. Press, 1919. 7½ in. 568 pp. indexes. 378.05

The National University of Ireland. CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR 1919. Dublin, National University and A. Thom & Co., 1919. 8 in. 624 pp. 378.05

Ollivant (Alfred). THE NEXT STEP: an essay on the Missing Policeman. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 125 pp., 4/6 n. 341

A picturesque essay on the growth of the principle of Law and its present and future application, in place of force, to the realm of international affairs. Mr. Ollivant has a rather distressing tendency to make use of capital letters where small ones would be preferable. Law, Life, Vultures of the Past, Gospel of Beak and Talon—this over-emphasis defeats itself, and the capital comes at last to mean nothing at all.

***Valois (Georges)**. LE PÈRE. Paris, Nouvelle Librairie Nationale, 1913 [*sic*]. 7½ in. 310 pp. paper. 304

"Tout a été dit et tout est à redire." The whole duty of man, as taught by the Church and exemplified by the lives of the saints, does not change, but needs to be retold from generation to generation in language suited to the times. Guidance is especially required when youth passes from tutelage to take part in the complex turmoil of the modern world. The "seven victories"—the foundation of the City, the preservation of the Home, of the Patrimony, Peace, Power, Love, and Life—are described in beautifully simple and sincere language. Apart from its moral content, the book is of value as a study in style.

400 PHILOLOGY.

***Bradley (Henry)**. ON THE RELATIONS BETWEEN SPOKEN AND WRITTEN LANGUAGE, with special reference to English. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 7½ in. 35 pp. limp cl., 2/ n. 421.4

By shaking up some of our fixed ideas on the mental effect of our established ways of spelling and printing words, Dr. Bradley calls attention to the actualities of the problem of spelling reform, corrects general misconceptions, and puts the case in a clearer light. His paper was read at the International Historical Congress, April, 1913, and is reprinted from the "Proceedings of the British Academy," vol. 6. He would allow poets some freedom to spell words according to taste. The present "ideographic" spelling, "for those who are familiar with it," fulfils the chief end of written language better than a purely phonetic system would. The relations of the written to the spoken language in English are peculiar, and consequently "English is far more unsuited than other European tongues to be written phonetically." His pamphlet should be read by reformers and by all who have the interests of good English at heart.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

*Hudson (W. H.). *BIRDS IN TOWN AND VILLAGE*. With pictures in colour by E. J. Detmold. Dent, 1919. 8 in. 284 pp. il., 10/6 n. 598.2

Mr. Detmold's exceedingly beautiful pictures of the skylark, moorhen, nightingale, and others of our bird friends enhance the pleasure derived from reading Mr. Hudson's vivid and fascinating descriptions of bird life. The book is more than a mere reprint of the author's "Birds in a Village." Much of that work has been rewritten, the latter part has been discarded, and entirely new matter is included in the present volume under the title "Birds in a Cornish Village."

Mercer (Right Rev. J. E.). *SOME WONDERS OF MATTER*. S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 195 pp. index, 5/ n. 530.2

A curious but interesting combination of philosophy and science told in that simple vocabulary which is supposed to make all things clear to children. We doubt, however, whether a child would gain very clear ideas from the book, and the philosopher would probably want to dispute many of Bishop Mercer's assumptions.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

*Cook (Melville Thurston). *APPLIED ECONOMIC BOTANY*: based upon actual agricultural and gardening projects ("Farm Life Text Series"). Lippincott [1919]. 8½ in. 281 pp. il. app. index, 7/6 n. 630.7

A well-produced text-book, in which brief statements of the facts and principles concerning plants and plant growth, which are usually given in manuals for secondary schools, are followed by exercises and suggestions for experimental work in the study of plants.

*Spikes (W. H.). *THE FOUNDATIONS OF ENGINEERING* ("The New Teaching Series of Practical Text-Books"). Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 8 in. 272 pp. index, 4/6 n. 620.2

The author introduces the student to the general principles underlying a science which is recognized as so wide in its scope that even a practical engineer can as a rule aspire to excellence in only one branch of the subject. It is part of the value of a work of this kind that the ordinary reader can follow the developments of engineering, and arrive at a clear understanding of the "reasons why." The book should be very useful also to those who are going through the "shops." Motion, mass, inertia, energy, momentum, stress and strain, expansion, and numerous other topics are dealt with in the volume, which includes exercises, and a short list of books for further reading.

700 FINE ARTS.

Lewis (Wyndham). *THE CALIPH'S DESIGN*. "The Egoist," 1919. 8½ in. 71 pp., 3/ n. 704

Violent and provocative essays in Mr. Lewis's best hit-or-miss style. Somewhere near the centre of the not too obvious target is the thesis: "You must get Painting, Sculpture and Design out of the studio and into life." This scarcely precise end—what is Life, Mr. Lewis?—is to be achieved by an architectural grand slam in which the Cubists are to create a new London with carte-blanche in iron and steel. It is all very wild and whirling and witty—indefinitely better than anything M. Marinetti could say—but does Mr. Lewis really know much about any other than literary art?

790 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

*Scott (Edward). *DANCING, ARTISTIC AND SOCIAL*. Bell, 1919. 8 in. 184 pp. il., 4/6 n. 793

The "new and enlarged edition" of Mr. Scott's handbook includes some of the dances that "have obtained a more or less transient popularity before and after the great war." But he is rightly selective, laying stress throughout on the æsthetics of dancing, which he hopes "will resume a recognized position among the fine arts." Clear photographs of figures, definitions of terms, and minute directions illustrate the text.

800 LITERATURE.

Baring (Maurice). *ROUND THE WORLD IN ANY NUMBER OF DAYS*. Chatto and Windus, 1919. 8 in. 183 pp. il., 6/ n. 824.9

Whimsical travel sketches, diversified with literary reminiscences, parodies and a good deal of shrewd literary criticism conveyed by unorthodox methods.

Blyth (Estelle), ed. *WAY OF HEALING*: a little book for those who know suffering. Cambridge, Heffer, 1919. 6½ in. 136 pp. index, boards, 2/6 n. 808

Æschylus, Chaucer, Lydgate, Spenser, Crashaw, Shakespeare, Milton, William Penn, Crabbe, Ibbotson, and the Bible are among the sources upon which Miss Blyth has drawn for this anthology of thoughts upon such topics as sickness and health, the perfect physician, medicines and healing herbs, grateful and ungrateful patients, and "ease after toil."

Clery (Arthur). *DUBLIN ESSAYS*. Maunsell, 1919. 8 in. 157 pp. boards, 4/6 n. 824.9

Papers embodying "the ideas of half a lifetime," and collectively expressing the thoughts of an Irishman in regard to the revival of Irish art, letters, and national life. The essays possess considerable variety, and give evidence of much insight. Among the subjects dealt with are "The Theatre: its Educational Value," "Irish Genius in English Prose," "Thomas Kettle," "A Gaelic University," "The Religious Aspect of Women's Suffrage," "The Pseudo-Science of Classics," and "The Snobbery of Quintus Horatius Flaccus."

Hill (J. Arthur). *EMERSON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY*. Rider [1919]. 8 in. 116 pp. por., 3/6 n. 814.36

The author of this introductory study has written books on "Psychical Investigations" and "Spiritualism"; he says that "Emerson's mystical psychology is now supported by data of which he knew little or nothing," and uses the life and writings of the Transcendentalist, and also chance sayings of Coleridge, Burns, and others, to illustrate his own doctrines. Nevertheless, his sketch of the life and character of Emerson, and his elementary criticism, contain a good deal that may be helpful to new readers of the American sage.

POETRY.

Barker (Helen Granville). *SONGS IN CITIES AND GARDENS*. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 7½ in. 92 pp., 5/ n. 821.9

Mrs. Granville Barker's great technical accomplishment is the source both of her triumphs and of her failures. Sometimes she is simply exercising her ingenuity in the void, creating bubble-shapes of a tenuous and fleeting prettiness. But at other times, when she has good material on which to employ her skill, she produces finished and distinguished work. Poems like "The Doll" and "A Lifetime" are models of terse and epigrammatic beauty.

Crawshay-Williams (Eliot). *CLOUDS AND THE SUN*. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 52 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Crawshay-Williams writes mostly about the war. His denunciations of it are perhaps a little too rhetorical in form, though the substance of what he says is excellent. We prefer the more personal poems, and especially one entitled "Désirée," which is a variation on that exquisite theme of Donne's:

One or twice had I loved thee
Before I knew thy face or name.

Mr. Crawshay-Williams's poem begins in much the same strain:

O woman of my desire
Who alone can make my life complete,
Whom I have never met, yet always meet
Smouldering in other women like a hidden fire,
Will you ever come to me?

Flint (F. S.). *SOME FRENCH POETS OF TO-DAY* ("The Monthly Chapbook," no. 4). Poetry Bookshop, October, 1919. 9 in. 40 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 841.9

A useful but decidedly uncritical survey of modern French poetry since 1914. The title should have indicated that Mr. Flint is dealing only with the poetry of the war; and it would have been better if he had more clearly shown what he himself thinks of the poets whom he discusses. There is in England far too much puerile acceptance of inferior French work at its own estimation, and we conceive it to be the duty of the knowledgeable critic to take every opportunity of restoring the sense of proportion. Here Mr. Flint fails.

Mayor (Beatrice). POEMS. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 59 pp. boards, 2/6 n. 821.9

The writer of free verse is faced with the difficult problem of giving to a naturally inchoate form the closeness, the compactness, the certainty of return, belonging to the traditional metrical system. One of the methods most commonly employed to produce this effect is simple repetition of words and phrases. Used sparingly, this device is effective and beautiful; but it can easily be abused, and we feel that Mrs. Mayor has perhaps so abused it in these poems. The over-indulgence in repetition appears to give her work a monotony which it does not really possess; for Mrs. Mayor has many interesting thoughts and experiences to record. We quote almost at random from her volume:—

I see clouds, I see rooks,
A hundred sailing, swinging rooks
High in the pale sun.
And my soul leaps free.
Tired soul. Stifled soul.
It thought that it lived in a world of men,
That it only was known in a world of men,
Only judged in a world of men.
Tired soul. Stifled soul.
But now it leaps free.

We cannot help thinking that this could have been more interestingly and intensely expressed in another form, with rhymes instead of repetitions to give it unity.

Osmond (Percy H.). THE MYSTICAL POETS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. S.P.C.K., 1919. 8½ in. 447 pp. index, 12/6 n. 821.09

Inspired by Dean Inge's Bampton Lectures on "Christian Mysticism," the author has put together well-chosen extracts from Herbert, Vaughan, Quarles, Crashaw, and the other mystical poets, which, apart from his own comments and explanations, form a readable anthology of the subject, and provide material for studying its history.

Trevelyan (R. C.). THE DEATH OF MAN; and other poems. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 60 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9
See notice, p. 1122.

Willett (Gladys E.). TRAHERNE: an essay. Cambridge, Heffer, 1919. 9 in. 59 pp. 2/6 n. 821.4
See review, p. 1121.

FICTION.

Babcock (Bernie). THE SOUL OF ANN RUTLEDGE: ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S ROMANCE. Lippincott, 1919. 8 in. 323 pp., 6/ n. 813.5

The true story of Lincoln's early life and love for Ann Rutledge is told in a simple, vivid style, and with the portrayal of New Salem and its pioneer inhabitants makes a novel of considerable charm and beauty.

Barrett (Lilian). THE SINISTER REVEL. New York, A. A. Knopf, 1919. 7½ in. 364 pp., \$1.75 n. 813.5

A study about a young American millionaire and his orgies of dissipation in various parts of the world. A study in red fire effects. But there is a pure, good woman, who acts the part of fire-extinguisher.

Beerbohm (Max). SEVEN MEN. Heinemann, 1919. 8 in. 219 pp., 7/ n.

Who is the seventh? Is it "Max" or Mr. Will Rothenstein? The subsidiary problem gives a final fillip to a rather unequal book of stories. In none is the author's authentic touch wholly absent, but there are tedious pages. It is hard on a writer to be christened the Incomparable; he runs the danger of suffering Aristides' fate. "Savonarola Brown" should, however, suffice to recall Mr. Beerbohm from any arbitrary exile.

Benson (E. F.). ROBIN LINNET. Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 320 pp., 6/9 n.

The hero of this story, full of bright and entertaining dialogue, is at "St. Stephen's College," Cambridge, when the war breaks out, but he enters the Grenadier Guards and is killed at the front. Robin's death leads to the reconciliation of his parents, Lord and Lady Grote, the latter of whom has had a temporary infatuation for a bear-like German opera-singer. The lady's complex character is skilfully drawn; and another notable portrait is that of Lady Gurtner, whose

"almost lascivious enjoyment of the circles into which she had so firmly and industriously climbed" appears in all her actions. The descriptions of the "rags" at St. Stephen's are amusing, and most of the book is crisply written.

***Bourdillon (Francis William),** ed. Aucassin et Nicolette ("Modern Language Texts"). Manchester, Univ. Press, 1919. 8 in. 158 pp. notes, bib. glossary, 4/6 n. 843.1

The introduction, notes, and glossary render this a workmanlike edition of the well-known conte-fable, and one excellently suited for young students.

Cooper (Henry St. John). SUNNY DUCROW. Sampson Low [1919]. 7½ in. 395 pp., 6/ n.

Sunny Ducrow is a Cockney girl who gains her forename from her irrepressible cheerfulness. She is an attractive character, and her history affords Mr. Cooper opportunities of sketching life in a South London factory as well as in the music-hall and the theatre. The book is brightly and vivaciously written, and many people will be glad to become acquainted with Mr. Cooper's heroine.

***Harrison (Henry Sydney).** QUEED. Constable [1919]. 7 in. 446 pp. 4/6 n.

A pocket edition.

Kaye (Michael W.). A PATRIOT OF FRANCE. Stanley Paul [1919]. 7½ in. 288 pp., 6/ n.

So many stories have been woven around the French Revolution that an author who attempts another is plucky. In this tale of the Reign of Terror a leading episode arises out of a Royalist plot to rescue Louis XVI. on his way to the guillotine. The failure of the scheme is brought about by a woman informer employed by Danton. Her principal motive is jealousy. The book is plentifully provided with incident and action, but some of the characters are lifeless.

Morgan (Charles Langbridge). THE GUNROOM. Black, 1919. 8 in. 356 pp., 7/6 n.

A detailed and well-written account of life in the senior service, cast into the form of a story. The character-studies are competent, although once or twice we suspect the romantic touch. A useful book, of more value than its unpretentious manner would suggest.

Rabusson (Henry). L'IRONIQUE DESTINÉE. Paris, Calmann-Lévy [1919]. 7½ in. 298 pp. paper, 4 fr. 90. 843.9
See notice, p. 1135.

Sleath (Frederick). THE SEVENTH VIAL. Jenkins, 1920. 7½ in. 320 pp., 6/ n.

A story of aeroplane fighting in the war, combined with a love-story. There is plenty of incident, much of which is realistic enough, but of which some fails of its effect through being presented in an unnecessarily sentimental manner.

Smith (Sydney). BOTH SIDES OF THE HEDGE. Allenson [1919]. 7½ in. 208 pp., 5/ n.

This story of one who was born into the Church of England, passed over to Methodism, and finally became reconverted to the Church, is really an essay on the characteristics of the various Christian churches and the possibilities of union between them. "Unity of command in the whole Church is deemed the thing most desirable," says the author. "The ideal is the Autocracy of Christ recognized by all the Churches plus such democracy as gives each soul a real share in the life, services and control."

Steele (Chester K.). THE DIAMOND CROSS MYSTERY: being a chapter from the life of Colonel Ashley, investigator. Jenkins, 1920. 7½ in. 300 pp., 6/ n. 813.5

An American detective story, complicated, but not ingenious, and with the perfunctory attempts at characterization which now seem old-fashioned and inadequate. The detective story is a form which deserves more reverent treatment than is accorded it in the present book.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Allen (John Hugh).

Montgomery (Ina). JOHN HUGH ALLEN, OF THE GALLANT COMPANY: a memoir. Arnold, 1919. 9 in. 244 pp. por., 10/6 n. 920

Mrs. Montgomery's brother, the subject of this memoir, was a native of New Zealand and a son of a member of the New Zealand Parliament. Educated at Jesus College, Cam-

bridge, John Hugh Allen was an able debater, and became President of the Cambridge Union. Shortly before the outbreak of hostilities with Germany he was called to the Bar. Mr. Allen obtained a commission in the 13th Battalion of the Worcestershire Regiment, and on May 10, 1915, sailed for the Dardanelles. On the 25th of the same month he was attached to the Essex Regiment, and twelve days later, during a gallant attempt to stop a backward movement of the men from one trench to another, he was killed. Mr. Allen, who was very popular at Cambridge, has to be included in the roll of gallant men who lost their lives at Gallipoli.

Betham-Edwards (Matilda). MID-VICTORIAN MEMORIES. With a personal sketch by Mrs. Sarah Grand. Murray, 1919. 8½ in. 231 pp. por., 10/6 n. 920

The literary career of the author of these "Memories" extended over considerably more than sixty years, and it is a matter for regret that Miss Betham-Edwards was not spared to see the publication of her last book. The chapters in which are comprised recollections of George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, Coventry Patmore, Henry James, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Baron Tauchnitz, and other well-known persons are accompanied by an admirable pen-picture of "the dear little lady," as she is styled by the writer, her intimate friend Mrs. Sarah Grand. Of placid temperament, and generous by disposition, Miss Betham-Edwards was usually more interested in the personalities of her friends than in their achievements; and, quite unimpressed by social position, she "would delight in an intellectual baker, and be frankly bored by a stupid duke." In public affairs she took no part. Theology and theologians never attracted her; but writing was her delight. Miss Betham-Edwards's book is chatty, and there are several amusing stories. Of Patmore she states that he loved to make people's flesh creep. At a dinner-party he gave to some highly correct people, he blurted out "After all's said and done, the best drink out and out is gin and water."

Eden (Hon Emily). MISS EDEN'S LETTERS Edited by her great niece, Violet Dickinson. Macmillan, 1919. 9 in. 430 pp. pors. index, 18/ n. 920

Miss Eden was a daughter of William Eden, created Baron Auckland, whose wife Eleanor was known by her contemporaries as "Haughty Nell," and the "Judicious Hooker." The letters are to, as well as from, Miss Eden. One of her sisters was Countess of Buckinghamshire; and an intimate friend was Pamela FitzGerald (afterwards Lady Campbell), daughter of the unfortunate Lord Edward FitzGerald. To these ladies many of the communications are addressed. Miss Eden's brother became Governor-General of India, and some of the letters contain accounts of existence in Indian social circles. Descriptions of Irish life occur in Lady Campbell's letters.

Nevill (Lady Dorothy).

Nevill (Ralph). THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY DOROTHY NEVILL. Methuen [1919]. 9 in. 319 pp. il. pors. index, 18/ n. 920

Mr. Nevill has more than fulfilled a pious duty in writing this charming biography of his mother. He has given us a highly-finished and vivid portrait of a lovable, whimsical, witty, and broad-minded lady, who was in sentiment and heart a democrat, although of aristocratic leanings and upbringing. Lady Dorothy knew "everybody who was anybody," as well as a variety of nobodies. She was a clever and fascinating conversationalist, with several serious interests, such as silkworm culture and the study of rare plants; and she had a "deep distrust of so-called psychic manifestations." The book is full of recollections of notable people. Incidentally there is a wonderfully successful character-sketch of the late Lord Clanricarde.

Sandwich (Edward George Montagu, eighth Earl of).

Erskine (Mrs. Steuart), ed. MEMOIRS OF EDWARD, EARL OF SANDWICH, 1839-1916. Murray, 1919. 9 in. 312 pp. pors. index, 16/ n. 920

The material for these memoirs was collected by Lord Sandwich from old diaries with a view to the publication of an autobiography, but he did not live to complete the work. The picture presented to us is of an estimable country gentleman, possessed of a complex personality, pre-eminently humane and sympathetic, who occupied a considerable position in public life, and was much interested in social work. Lord Sandwich

described himself in one of his letters as "a modern Radical with socialistic tendencies." During the South African War he made Hinchingsbrooke a convalescent hospital. In 1915 he published a short account of the healing powers of which he believed himself to be possessed. Some testimony to these powers is adduced in the book before us, the concluding chapters of which largely relate to communications supposed to have been received by Lord Sandwich from the "spirit world."

930-990 HISTORY.

Clay (Albert T.). THE EMPIRE OF THE AMORITES ("Yale Oriental Series: Researches," vol. 6). New Haven, Conn., Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 1919. 10 in. 192 pp. map, in dex, 10/6 n. 935.1

Mr. Clay has endeavoured to gather all that bears upon the history and religion of a nearly-forgotten empire, to corroborate the author's claim of great antiquity for the Amorites, to show that Ur of the Chaldees was probably the Amorite capital, to offer additional evidence in substantiation of the thesis advanced in the author's "Amurru," and to demonstrate that the generally accepted theory of the Arabian origin of the Semites is baseless. The volume is one of those issued by means of the Alexander Kohut Memorial Publication Fund.

Hazen (C. D.). FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPE, 1870-1919. Bell, 1919. 8½ in. 428 pp. maps, index, 14/ n. 940.9

The author, who is a Professor of History at Columbia University, has rewritten and enlarged chapters of his "Modern European History" into a narrative which covers the rise and fall of the German Empire.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

***Seton-Watson (R. W.).** EUROPE IN THE MELTING POT. Macmillan, 1919. 7½ in. 416 pp. maps, index, 4/6 n. 940.9

No one is better qualified to write on the problems concerning Central Europe, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkans than the editor of the *New Europe*; and the papers in the present volume exhibit a continuity of thought associating them with an earlier volume, "The War and Democracy," written by the author during 1914; in conjunction with Professor A. E. Zimmern, Mr. J. Dover Wilson, Lord Eustace Percy, and Mr. A. Greenwood. The war has cured Dr. Seton-Watson of any lingering illusions regarding the "old diplomacy," and he declares that the supreme illusion of all is to imagine that the class which at present controls foreign policy is either efficient or informed. On the contrary, he considers that their ignorance of the very elements of most foreign problems has revealed itself time after time during this war, and has "indeed most assuredly prolonged its course, while to-day their renewed blunders are perpetuating chaos in Russia, Hungary, and elsewhere." Seven useful maps are included in the volume.

J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Calvert (C. V.) and Henderson (B. L. K.). DAYS OF HISTORY. Methuen [1919]. 8 in. 225 pp. il. J.504

Typical scenes and persons and memorable episodes, from times as distant as the Stone Age or as near as the first railway, are told or described by the authors in the manner of a book of short stories, and a dozen charming and instructive line-drawings are contributed by Doris Williamson.

Thompson (L. Beatrice). JUST LOOK! or how the children studied nature. Gay & Hancock [1919]. 8 in. 212 pp. 58 il., 5/ n. J.504

The kind-hearted lady who here explains the wonderful workings of corals and polyps, whelks and limpets, seeds and plants, rivers, the sea, and ice, both in the present and in past ages of the earth, casts her lore into the form of children's dialogue. Her sketches have no artistic claims, but are clear and explanatory.

Wynne (May). THE LITTLE GIRL BEAUTIFUL. R.T.S. [1919]. 8½ in. 191 pp. il. boards, 4/6 n. J.F

Homely-looking, nervous little Margaret has been neglected by her father, whose affection has been centred in his small blind son; but the sister's self-sacrifice for the afflicted boy wins the love of all, and it is recognized at last that she is comely indeed in spirit, even if lacking in prettiness of features.

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